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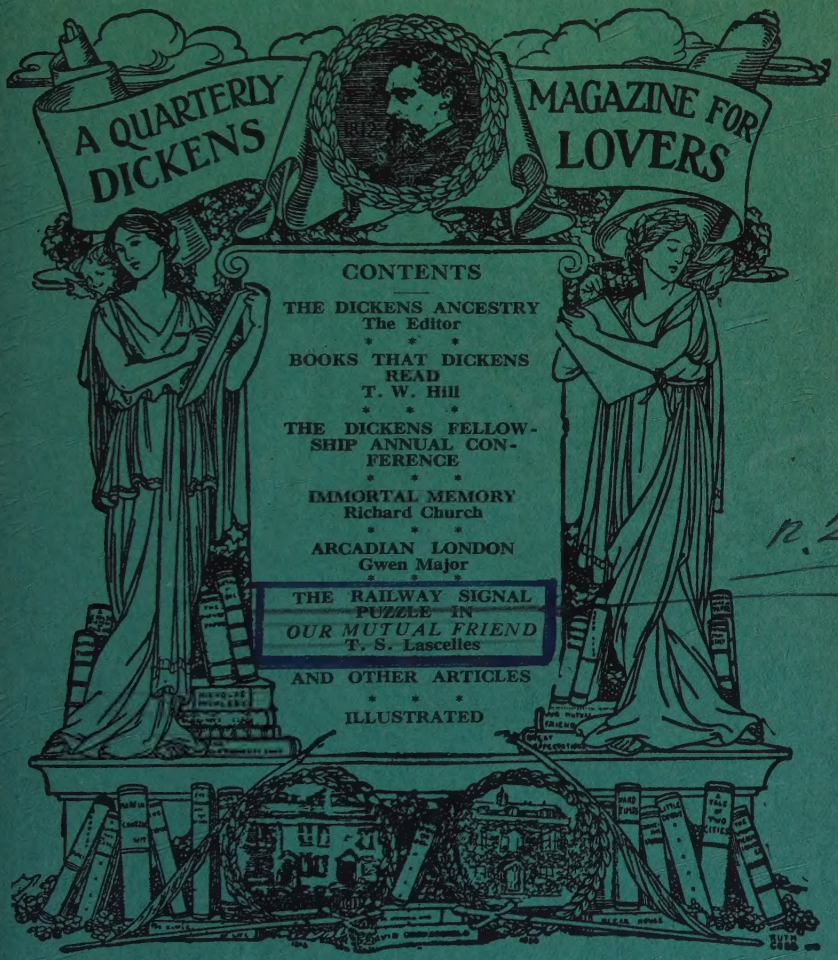

CONTENTS

THE DICKENS ANCESTRY
The Editor
* * *
BOOKS THAT DICKENS READ
T. W. Hill
* * *
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE
* * *
IMMORTAL MEMORY
Richard Church
* * *
ARCADIAN LONDON
Gwen Major
* * *
THE RAILWAY SIGNAL PUZZLE IN *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*
T. S. Lascelles
AND OTHER ARTICLES
* * *
ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
When Found—The Editor	171
The Dickens Ancestry. II—The Editor	178
Dickens Fellowship Conference	189
Tribute—Richard Church	193
The Author of *Sentimental Journey*—Alain de Suzannet ...	198
The Dickens House Endowment Fund	200
Books that Dickens Read. II—T. W. Hill	201
Endowment Fund Contributions	207
Arcadian London—Gwen Major	208
A New Dickens on the Stage—Malcolm Morley	212
Railway Signal Puzzle in *Our Mutual Friend*—T. S. Lascelles	213
From Recent Books—Louis B. Frewer...	217
Letter to the Editor	221
Dickensiana—Books for Sale	221
The Dickens Fellowship—Obituary	222

WALTER T. SPENCER

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THE COUNTRY BANKER

'. . . he kept a pack of hounds and dwelt in patriarchal style among his people—hospitable, freehanded and popular. He might be seen at times seated under the great elm . . . chatting with his neighbours.'

SO, in the last century, the country banker inspired and held confidence: the evidence of his worth was plainly to be seen. The rising tide of industrial development with its demand for a service which few private firms could provide caused the virtual disappearance of the country bankers, but on the firm foundation which he had created, the Westminster Bank continued to build, so that it is today able to offer a service which, in its scope and complexity, might be a source of some astonishment to those pioneer bankers of other days.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Charles Dickens

sketched at 48 Doughty Street
by George Cruikshank

by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum

See Page 173

THE DICKENSIAN

AUTUMN NUMBER

VOL. XLV. 1st SEPTEMBER, 1949 No. 292

WHEN FOUND—

At the Abbey. Following its annual custom the Dickens Fellowship laid a wreath on the grave in Poet's Corner in commemoration of the 79th anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. The little ceremony was observed on the evening of June 8th in order that a larger number of members might attend. This plan has been commended by the Dean and for the second year has found favour with a large number of members including several from overseas. Assembling at the West Door, we were led in procession to the graveside by Canon Donaldson who then made a brief address before Mr. Greaves, representing the Dickens Fellowship at home and overseas, laid the wreath upon the simple gravestone.

* * * * *

Our Jubilee. The Dickens Fellowship was founded on October 6th 1902 and in three years, therefore, we shall be celebrating our Jubilee. Every effort will be made to render the occasion worthy of its importance. It will probably be decided that the celebrations shall coincide with the Fellowship's 46th Annual Conference to be held in the first week of October 1952. A great effort is to be made to complete the Endowment Fund of the Dickens House (the Walter Dexter Memorial) by that time and details of the Hon. Treasurer's plans will be found on page 200 to which the reader is earnestly commended. Already news reaches us of one party of American Dickensians who intend to be with us on this historic occasion. Will other overseas members, who plan to come to Britain during the next few years, keep this festive occasion in mind and time their tour to include it. Provided that sufficient numbers notify us of their visit in time, it is hoped that a private motor-coach tour of Dickens's England may be arranged for them during the last week or so of September, for which London members would act as guides. Members of home branches would not of course be excluded but preference would be given to friends from overseas. Write to us about your plans.

* * * * *

The Elkins Library. Another notable collection of Dickensiana has been made available to the American public. The magnificent library of William M. Elkins, who died in 1947, was bequeathed by its owner to the city of Philadelphia and in May it was formally inaugurated in the Free Library there. Although by no means confined to Dickens, the library includes a superb collection of Dickensian material which the visitor will now find housed in Mr. Elkins own study complete with its furnishings, removed to the Free Library in Logan Square by the generosity of Mrs. Elkins and Mrs. Goran Holmquist. A signed copy of the printed souvenir of the inauguration was brought from the President of the Library, Mr. Joseph Carson, to the library of the Dickens House, by Mr. Guy Bible, President of the Philadelphia Branch of the Fellowship who, with Mrs. Bible, we have had the pleasure of meeting in London this Summer.

Charles John Huffam Dickens died 9th June 1870.
and
Catherine Thomson Hogarth died 22nd Nov. 1879.
} Married (at St. Luke's Chelsea) April 2nd 1836

Their Children.

Charles Culliford Boz ——— Born January 6th 1837. Died 20th June 1896 (next page)
Mary ——— Born March 6th 1838. Died 23rd July 1896.
Catherine Elizabeth Macready ——— Born October 29th 1839. Died 9 May 1929
Walter Landor ——— Born February 8th 1841. Died Dec. 31, 1863 without male issue
Francis Jeffrey ——— Born January 15th 1844. Died June 11, 1886 without issue
Alfred D'Orsay Tennyson ——— Born October 28th 1845. Died Jan'y 2, 1912 without male issue
Sydney Smith Haldimand ——— Born April 18th 1847. Died May 2 1872 without male issue
Henry Fielding ——— Born January 16th 1849. Died 21 Dec. 1933.
(Coroner Serjeant of the City of London)
Dora Annie ——— Born August 16th 1850. Died 14th April.
Edward Bulwer Lytton ——— Born March 13th 1852. Died 24 1902 without male issue

Entries by Charles Dickens in his Family Bible.
Lent to the Dickens House by Henry Charles Dickens, Esq., O.B.E.

Notable additions to the Dickens House. Once again it is our privilege to record the addition of a number of important exhibits to the collection at the Dickens House which have been made possible by the kindness of members of the Dickens family. Prominent among these is the Dickens Family Bible which has been deposited on loan for an indefinite period by our newly elected Life President, Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens, O.B.E. The entries made in the hand of Dickens himself are reproduced opposite. Another loan hardly less important, is the drawing of Dickens made by Sir John Millais at Gad's Hill after the novelist's death. This we owe to the kindness of Mrs. Waley (Elaine Dickens) who has lent it to the Dickens House indefinitely, for which we are again most grateful. The drawing, which is reproduced overleaf, first appeared in a *Life* of his father by J. S. Millais published in 1899. In that book the author describes how his father went to Gad's Hill on the day after Dickens's death, with Woolner the sculptor. The latter had been promised sittings by Dickens who had asked that these should not take place until the completion of the writing of *Edwin Drood*. The bust which Woolner subsequently exhibited at The Royal Academy was executed from clay sketches modelled while Millais made his drawing on June 10th, 1870. We also reproduce a photograph of a chair which has now been presented to the Dickens House by Admiral Sir Gerald Chas. Dickens. As already reported in these pages, this was in the possession of Dickens in Furnival's Inn and in all likelihood formed part of the furnishing of 48 Doughty Street when he moved into the house in 1837. Comparing it with the sketch, reproduced as our frontispiece, which George Cruikshank made of Dickens at Doughty Street there is little doubt in our minds that this is the chair in the drawing. It is amusing to recall Dickens's letter to Tom Beard apologising for not receiving Edward Barrow when he called: "I was sitting for my portrait to George Cruikshank when he called to-day, and George being a ticklish subject could not leave him."

* * * * *

Gad's Hill Place. It is with the greatest pleasure that we congratulate Miss W. Stewart Burt upon the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the establishment of her School at Gad's Hill Place, the last home of Charles Dickens. The school is a highly successful one

"Gads Hill, 10th June, 1870"
by Sir John Millais, Bt., P.R.A.
Lent to the Dickens House by Mrs. Alec Waley (Elaine Dickens)

and pupils come from considerable distances in North Kent. Following their war-time exile in the North, they are now happily re-established in their own home. We embrace this opportunity of publicly congratulating Miss Burt on the manner in which she has cared for the fabric of this historic house so dear to every Dickensian. New buildings have had to be erected of course, but Dickens's beloved home is untouched and unaltered and the new wing, which harmonises most successfully with the old, stands unobtrusively to the side in a bower of trees. The roof of Dickens's conservatory was rendered unsafe by gun-fire during the recent war and has now been replaced by a new one. Dickensians owe much to its kindly owner for the loving care with which Gad's Hill Place is surrounded and it is pleasant indeed to record it in this place. But this is not all. Duly accredited Dickens lovers are almost always accorded the privilege of visiting the gardens and Dickens's study, which remains exactly as he left it. Miss Burt and her assistants are most considerate in this matter and although it is preferred that applications should be made for visits to take place on Wednesday afternoons, every effort is made to accede to the requests of pilgrims from long distances who are unable to make their visit on that day. In the name of the many hundreds of Dickens lovers who have enjoyed this privilege during the past twenty-five years we thank Miss Burt and wish her and her school continued and increasing success.

* * * * *

Can You Help ? Among the many fine pictures at the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight there is an especially beautiful Gainsborough landscape entitled " The Gad's Hill Oak." For a long time we have tried to discover something about this picture and whether it had any connection with Dickens's Gad's Hill. We appealed to the late Lord Leverhulme, to the Art Director at the Gallery, and consulted many books on art, all with no avail. Can any reader help to elucidate the matter ?

* * * * *

Pilgrimages. London members have this year undertaken a programme of exceptionally interesting excursions to places of Dickensian interest. On one brilliantly sunny Saturday in June, a party of eighty of them embarked in a private launch for the cruise from Maidenhead to Henley for an inspection of the scenes described in *Our Mutual Friend*. Luncheon and tea were served on board and a most happy day was enjoyed. Later on they visited the Limehouse scenes of that book, again by private steamer starting from Westminster. An exceptionally interesting evening was enjoyed under the guidance of Mr. Mostyn Harper. By contrast, another Saturday was devoted to a visit to Hatfield, where our friends of the Branch there acted as our guides. The famous home of the Marquis of Salisbury was, of course, visited as well as the Eight Bells Tavern where Bill Sikes halted on his flight, and the Salisbury Arms where Dickens himself once stayed, and Mrs. Lirriper spent her honeymoon. Our thanks are due to Miss W. Butterfield and Mr. W. C. Day for the excellent arrangements they made for the success of the programme.

* * * * *

Mr. Wm. A. Clark. Readers of *The Dickensian* need no introduction to the beautiful photographic work of Mr. Wm. A. Clark for its pages have on several occasions borne distinguished examples of his art. In addition to being a photographer of the first rank Mr. Clark is an enthusiastic Dickensian and he delights in Dickensian subjects. Londoners were fortunate this summer in being able to

see a large collection of his photographs, including a section entirely devoted to Dickens, which formed an exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery. Many of his subjects have now, alas, disappeared and his records are therefore all the more valuable, and apart from their great topographical interest their artistry affords the greatest pleasure.

* * * * *

A Souvenir from Boston. When Mrs. Harry Lee Bagley of the Boston, Mass. Branch, flew from Boston to England in May, especially to attend the Conference at Broadstairs, she brought with her for presentation to the Dickens House a letter of Mrs. Dickens written from Broadstairs in 1843 to an American friend. A happy gesture and a most acceptable gift. The letter is as follows :

BROADSTAIRS, KENT,
September 2nd, 1843.

My Dear Mrs. Felton,

I fear by this time you think me most neglectful and unkind in being so long in acknowledging your welcome letter and the two likenesses you were so good as to send me for which let me now thank you heartily.

I do not think however that it is at all a flattering likeness of your dear husband or that it has done him justice.

I trust sincerely my dear friend that your health is improving and that the next packet will bring us good accounts of you and your dear little girls whom I should so much like to see. It seems so strange we should never have met and I feel as if I knew you perfectly. We so often speak of you and dear Mr. Felton whom we love so much.

I know you will be glad to hear good accounts of us all. Charles has written to your husband and speaks for himself. My children are all well and enjoying themselves very much as at present we are staying here for sea bathing, and they are out nearly all day on the beach and riding on donkeys and all sorts of seaside amusements. They had the measles before they left town but have perfectly recovered.

I will not make this a long letter. I fear it is a very stupid one as we are living here so quietly at present, I have no news that will amuse you.

I regret to say that we had left London before the Holmes [?] and did not see them before they went on the Continent, where I suppose they have now gone. I hope they are enjoying their visit.

We were glad to hear of the Longfellows marriage. Will you remember me most kindly to both of them.

Give my affectionate love to your husband and accept the same dear Mrs. Felton from your attached friend

Catherine Dickens.

I hope this has not fatigued you and that if you are well enough you will soon write to me.

* * * * *

On the Air. Two interested visitors to the Dickens House recently were Allan Jones and Irene Hervey the popular American film stars. While they were there they recorded their impressions for broadcasting on American radio networks. Their eager questions and lively comments to Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh and the Editor of *The Dickensian* will interest a vast number of Dickensians throughout the States. Dickens's London was the subject of an interesting feature on the London Television programme in August when Monica Dickens and Richard Dimbleby described and commented upon a large number of the London scenes in the novels.

* * * * *

Harrods' Centenary. Another exhibition in London this summer has given very considerable pleasure. Messrs. Harrods have been celebrating the Centenary of the founding of their famous store and notable among the displays organised for this event was a long series of dresses of the past and of to-day. Those of the past were lent by Mrs. Langley Moore from her wonderful collection of original costumes and were of great beauty and interest. In the central hall

of the store stood a full scale model of the little shop opened by Mr. Harrod in 1849 which visitors could enter and inspect. It was stocked with commodities which were on sale in 1849 and among those we noticed were blacking pots, such as those on which Dickens pasted labels in his unhappy childhood. The shopkeeper and other characters in and around the reconstructed shop wore costumes supplied by the Dickens Fellowship's Costume Department.

* * * * *

Mrs. E. M. Newbery. After a Presidency of the Southend and District Branch lasting for some years, Mrs. E. M. Newbery has retired for a well-earned rest. Mrs. Newbery is a link with the days when the Branch enjoyed the activities of a large and flourishing Dramatic Section which staged many excellent Dickens productions. All through the recent war, which came uncomfortably close to Southend at its vulnerable position at the mouth of the Thames, Mrs. Newbery kept the flag flying. She realised a great ambition when she presided at the Conference held at Southend last year and now she has decided that others, younger than herself, shall carry on the torch. She has endeared herself to Dickensians not only in her own Branch but to a great many much farther afield and each one of them will remember with gratitude and appreciation her unselfish services.

* * * * *

Other Peoples' Houses. We gladly offer a welcome to the latest addition to the Memorial Houses established in honour of the great figures of English Literature. On 23rd July Jane Austen's home at Chawton, Hants, was declared open to the public by the Duke of Wellington. The ceremony was a wholly delightful one and congratulations are tendered to the Jane Austen Society on the consummation of their praiseworthy design. Similar felicitations are offered to the Charles Lamb Society on the acquisition of "Button Snap," the little Elizabethan cottage in Hertfordshire inherited by Elia.

* * * * *

Hundred Best Books. The favourite and time-honoured pastime of selecting the hundred best books in the language has lately been revived in the press. It is difficult to arouse much enthusiasm in this matter as far as Dickens is concerned, for his place in such a list is as secure as Shakespeare's.

* * * * *

A Smattering. A welcome awaits a little series of booklets published by the Naldrett Press at sixpence each, entitled Smatterbooks, each containing one hundred facts on a given subject. We have read that devoted to Dickens with considerable interest and found almost nothing needing correction. Perhaps some pilgrims will be disappointed when they search in vain for the now demolished David Copperfield Library once established in Dickens's childhood home in Somers Town. The hundredth fact is a short bibliography which will usefully serve those who, finding the booklet interesting, desire to seek further.

* * * * *

Broadstairs Festival. Following up the brilliantly successful Conference in May, Broadstairs is now preparing for its Annual Dickens Festival which will extend from October 19th to 22nd. The principal attraction will be another of Gladys Waterer's brilliant adaptations from Dickens, this time from *David Copperfield* in honour of the centenary, but there will also be a series of other interesting fixtures. These festivals are highly enjoyable events and are cordially recommended.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

A hitherto unpublished letter of Dickens requesting that Thomas Culliford should give his name and stand godfather to his eldest son Charles Culliford Boz Dickens.

In the collection of the Editor.

THE DICKENS ANCESTRY
SOME NEW DISCOVERIES

BEING NOTES ON THE UNPUBLISHED WORK OF THE LATE A. T. BUTLER, M.V.O., M.C., F.S.A., AND THE LATE ARTHUR CAMPLING, F.S.A.

BY THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page 73*)

II. MATERNAL.

ELIZABETH BARROW AND HER PARENTS.

HAVING examined the investigations of Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling into the paternal ancestry of Charles Dickens, let us now see what they discovered about his mother and her family.

Dickens's mother was Elizabeth, the second daughter, and the second child, of Charles Barrow, of the parish of St. Mary, Lambeth. She was married on June 13th, 1809, at St. Mary-le-Strand, to John Dickens, a Navy Pay Office colleague of her brother.

Records in the possession of his family show that Charles Barrow was born on May 29th, 1759. It is not known whether he was related to Charles Barrow, a member of the Company of Musicians, who died at Lambeth on December 24th, 1784. The parish registers reveal that he was married, by special licence, at St. Mary's, Lambeth, on January 27th, 1788, to Mary Culliford, then a minor of sixteen. From the baptismal registration of his children, it is clear that he lived in Lambeth from the time of his marriage until 1800, and Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling were satisfied that he was identical with the Charles Barrow who appeared in Holden's *London Directory* for 1799 as a music-master of 27 Walcot Place, Lambeth. Walcot Place is now a part of Kennington Road. The renumbering plan at County Hall shows no No. 27, but there was a 27 Walcot Place East, which is now 181 Kennington Road. It was stated by Forster that Charles Barrow was at some time a lieutenant in the Navy, but exhaustive search in the voluminous Admiralty records of the period failed to reveal any officer of that name, although Mr. Carlton has found references to him as a "mariner." However, it was after this grandfather that the future novelist was named. And Dickens remembered his grandmother's family when he named his eldest son Charles Culliford Boz.

Among the six thousand signatures affixed in 1795 to a Declaration in support of the Constitutional Government appear the names of Thomas Culliford, Charles Barrow and William Rolfe, each of whom gives his address as 112 Cheapside. Here was a useful clue and an entry in Kent's *London Directory* for 1797 showed that these three gentlemen were partners in a firm of musical instrument makers at this address. Charles Barrow left the business in 1799, most probably, as will be seen later, because of the retirement from the business of his father-in-law, Thomas Culliford. He then became a music-master, as we have seen, and relinquished that occupation when he entered the Navy Pay Office in 1801, at the age of 42, a somewhat extraordinary and inexplicable transition. There he remained until his defalcations in 1810, as first revealed in Gladys Storey's *Dickens and Daughter*. He took refuge in the Isle of Man, where, twenty-five years later, on February 24th, 1826, he was buried at St. George's, Douglas.

Where his widow lived after her husband's death is not known, but, some time after 1840, she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Long, at 3 Tiger Cottages, John Street, Upper Holloway. The house is now

known as 29 Wedmore Street. The Census Returns tell us who were living in the house in 1851 :

			Age.		*Place of Birth.*
Jane E. Long	Head	Widow	50	Annuitant	Lambeth, Surrey.
Charles	Son	Unmr.	20	Merchant's clerk	Liverpool.
Robert	,,	,,	18	Artist in wood	,,
Alfred	,,	,,	14	Tin foil worker	,,
Frederick	,,	,,	10		,,
Thomas H.	,,	,,	5	Scholar at home	,,
Mary Barrow	Mother	Widow	80	Annuitant	Lambeth, Surrey.
Maria E.*	Sister	Unmr.	48	Schoolmistress	
Robert J.†	Brother		45	Artist on wood	St. Mary-le-Strand.

According to an inscription on a ring in the possession of the Barrow family, Mary Barrow was born on September 19th, 1771, and died August 19th, 1851, at Tiger Cottages. It is strange that Forster has nothing to tell us of the death of Dickens's grandmother, although he fully records the deaths of John Dickens and of Dora, which both occurred in the same year as that of Mary Barrow.

Here is a list of the children of Charles and Mary Barrow, who were, of course, the maternal aunts and uncles of Charles Dickens :

(1) Mary, born on December 11th, 1788, baptised at Lambeth Parish Church on January 26th following. Married firstly May 22nd, 1812, to Thomas Allen, Lt., R.N., and secondly, at Chatham, December 11th, 1821, (the witnesses included John Dickens, Elizabeth Dickens, her sister, and John Henry Barrow, her brother), to Matthew Lamert, a widower, who was appointed Surgeon to the 50th Foot on June 25th, 1801. He retired on half-pay August 24th, 1816, was Surgeon to the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, November 1st, 1819, transferred to 91st Foot, July 8th, 1827, and again went on half-pay, as Deputy Inspector General, July 22nd, 1830. He is generally considered to be the original of Dr. Slammer in *Pickwick*.

(2) Elizabeth, born December 21st, 1789 ; baptised at Lambeth, January 20th, 1790 ; married to John Dickens at St. Mary-le-Strand, June 13th, 1809. There were eight children of this marriage, of whom the second, born February 7th, 1812, was Charles John Huffam Dickens, the novelist.

(3) Sarah, born February 22nd, 1791 ; baptised at Lambeth, March 28th ; died unmarried, March 7th, 1863, and buried at Highgate cemetery.

(4) Frederick Charles, born May 3rd, 1792 ; baptised at Lambeth on the 29th of the same month ; married at Hampstead, October 12th, 1816, to Rebecca Jane Lemarchand, who died June 12th, 1844, at Boulogne. He resided at Maastricht, where he died on May 29th, 1829, leaving a daughter, Rebecca Mary, 1817-1877, who married Alexander Ball Wilson (two other daughters had died in infancy) and two sons, Charles Edward, born in 1819 and died, unmarried, in Brazil, and Frederick John, 1821-1911, who married Emma Ralph in 1852. The last named had three children : Frederick Charles, 1854-1924, Annie Christina, 1856-1906, and Henry Frank Alexander, born 1865 and still living, who in 1896 married Mabel Lucy Beard, a cousin of Thomas Beard, Dickens's oldest friend, and of Francis Carr Beard, Dickens's doctor. To the eldest son of this marriage, Mr. R. F. R. Barrow, I am indebted for much valuable assistance. The Beard family have resided in Sussex for four centuries. Among other properties, they owned, until recently, Ovingdean Grange, and characters bearing their name appear in Harrison Ainsworth's novel named after that house.

(5) Thomas Culliford, born September 29th, 1793 ; baptised at Lambeth October 29th ; married at St. Clement Danes, May 17th, 1824, Harriet (born at Berwick-on-Tweed, January 17th, 1802), daughter of Major Alexander Maclean of Islay and afterwards of Berwick. They had eleven children. Appointed a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, April 5th, 1805 (the day on which John Dickens was appointed) ; lived at 11 Belgrave Terrace and afterwards at St. George's Road, Pimlico. He died on March 18th, 1857, at Leicester, but was buried at Brompton Cemetery. His widow died at Wandsworth on November 17th, 1871.

(6) John Henry, born January 4th, 1796 ; married Lucina Arabella Fidelia, daughter of Major Luke Pocock, E.I.C.S., who bore him six sons

* Correctly ; Maria Caroline. † Correctly ; Robert Irving.

and four daughters. Admitted to Grays Inn, June 5th, 1823, and called to the Bar, November 26th, 1828, but never practised as a barrister. Editor of *The Mirror of Parliament*, founded in 1828, on which Charles Dickens, his nephew, was employed as a reporter. Introduced Charles to John Payne Collier, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who recorded his early association with the novelist in his privately printed diary. He died at Newington, Surrey, and was buried at Norwood on April 3rd, 1858. His wife had been buried there on May 12th, 1851. At her death she was forty-seven.

(7) Edward, a journalist, born 29th September, 1798; baptised at Stockwell Chapel, November 22nd, 1800. He is believed to have married Janet Ross. She was a professional miniaturist. The first fully authenticated portrait of Dickens, now at Dickens House, was her work. In *The Dickensian*, 1934, p. 151, Count de Suzannet suggests that she was the sister of Sir William Ross, R.A., but Mr. Carlton informs me that Sir William's Will, dated 25th August, 1848, and proved 14th May, 1860, would seem to indicate otherwise. Sir William had a brother John and there are references in Dickens's letters to one John Ross, an intimate friend in the Furnival's Inn days but it is not yet possible to determine whether the two were identical. Nor can we yet be certain whether Thomasina Ross, who contributed to *Household Words*, was related to Janet, Sir William or to both. In his Will, Sir William refers to his brother Hugh and to his sisters Maria and Magdalene Dalton, both miniaturists, as well as to Ann Ross the "widow of my late brother John Ross," but there is no mention of Janet, Thomasina or of Georgina, who is said to have been sought in marriage by Dickens, the suit being successfully opposed by the lady's father.

(8) Jane Emily, baptised at Stockwell Chapel, November 22nd, 1800; married a Mr. Long, of Liverpool, who died before 1851, in which year his widow was living at 3 Tiger Cottages, Upper Holloway. She died November 8th, 1876, and was buried at St. Pancras Cemetery, Finchley.

(9) Maria Caroline, born January 28th, 1803; lived with her sister, Mrs. Long; died unmarried, April 20th, 1864, and was also buried at St. Pancras Cemetery, Finchley.

(10) Robert Irving, born August 1st, 1805, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; in the church of which he was baptised on September 17th. In 1851 he was living with his sister, Mrs. Long. He died unmarried.

Thomas Culliford, the Great-grandfather

Now let us turn to the family of Charles's grandmother, Mary Barrow. She was the daughter of Thomas Culliford who, as we have seen, was a musical instrument maker. He is known to have made spinets, harpsichords and square pianos, and appears to have worked for a time with Longman and Broderip, who were makers and dealers in instruments and music. A harpsichord now in the Henry Watson Collection at the Royal Manchester College of Music has the name of Longman and Broderip on the name-board, but when the sound-board was repaired some years ago the following inscription in pencil was found on the back: "Thomas Culliford, maker, April, 1780. No. 12." (See *Early Keyboard Instruments*, by Philip James, 1930.)

We have already seen that in 1797 he was in partnership with William Rolfe and his son-in-law, Charles Barrow, but Holden's *London Directory* for 1799 shows that by that year Rolfe was alone in the business in Cheapside, and that Charles Barrow was teaching music in Lambeth.

Thomas Culliford married Mary Goldsworth at St. Marylebone on September 23rd, 1770. Mrs. A. M. Simpson, the grand-daughter of Thomas Culliford Barrow, has in her possession a ring inscribed: "Mary Culliford, *obit.* December 25th, 1796, aged 52," which she thinks refers to the wife of this Thomas Culliford, although there is some difficulty about the date, for Mary Culliford was buried at Lambeth on December 30th, 1797. This register is still to be seen. Possibly the ring was wrongly dated. Of this marriage, say Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling, there were "at least three children." The eldest was Mary, born 1771

and later married to Charles Barrow; a son, Thomas John, was baptised at St. Vedast, Foster Lane, on April 8th, 1781; and another daughter, Elizabeth, who married Charles William Charlton, said to have been a Bristol man. We shall hear more of Elizabeth later.

Mr. W. J. Carlton found that one Redburn Culliford, who died in Fore Street, Lambeth, was buried in St. Mary's, Lambeth, on July 26th, 1789, and a Thomas Culliford, aged 52, died on April 13th, 1879, at Home Farm, Eastleigh, Southampton, but it is not known whether either was related to Mary Barrow.

Captain Edward Riou, who was killed at the battle of Copenhagen in 1801 and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, was reputed to be a cousin of Mary Goldsworth. Our authors further considered it probable that Thomas Culliford was a son of John Culliford and Sarah Grant who were married at Bristol Cathedral on November 16th, 1732. This John was a merchant-tailor of St. Mary Port, Bristol, in 1754, and was himself the son of another John Culliford, of Christ Church, Bristol, who, in 1715, was a clockmaker.

Having now recorded all that is known of Charles and Mary Barrow, Dickens's maternal grand-parents, we have next to examine their family histories. While, as will shortly be seen, there is quite a lot to say about the family of Mary, there is nothing to be added about that of Charles. As we have seen it has not yet been established who his father was. Certain it is that all three partners in the Cheapside business were resident in Lambeth. There is considerable doubt that Dickens's mother was related to Sir John Barrow (1765-1807), Second Secretary to the Admiralty, as has been stated. In any case, this has not been established, although it would account for several members of the Barrow family obtaining appointments in the Navy Pay Office. As a picturesque aside, one wonders if it is only a coincidence that the store-keeper at Chatham Dockyard in the days of Charles II was one "Phil. Barrow," a friend of Pepys, who frequently mentions him in his diary.

One more musical link should be mentioned. Some of the earlier instruments made by John Geib (1775-1807), of the Old Bailey, were signed "Geib and Goldsworth." This Goldsworth was quite possibly Robert Goldsworth, who died unmarried in 1782 and was buried at St. Michael-le-Querne, in the City of London, and was brother to Mary who had married Thomas Culliford in 1770.

To conclude this section it only remains to record the end of the business in Cheapside which had been established in 1784. Of the three partners, Thomas Culliford was the first to die. His Will is dated April 8th, 1817, when he describes himself as of Compton in Hampshire, musical instrument maker, and bequeathes all his property to his second wife Mary. His first wife, Mary Goldsworth, had died long before, at Walnut Tree Walk, Lambeth, and had been buried at Lambeth on December 30th, 1797.

Charles Barrow, as we have seen, died in 1826.

William Rolfe was the last survivor of the three. His Will was proved on January 22nd, 1830. In it he describes himself as of Cheapside and Stoke Newington, pianoforte manufacturer, and mentions his three sons, Nicholas, Thomas Hall, and James Longman, who were then partners in the business. The eldest of these, Nicholas, was the grandfather of Frederick William Rolfe, the self-styled Baron Corvo, who was born in Cheapside in 1860. (See *The Quest for Corvo*, by A. J. A. Symons, 1933.)

The Grandmother's Family, the Goldsworths, and Richard Lovelace, the Poet

"It would seem," wrote Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling, "that in the ancestry of his mother, Charles Dickens was entitled to claim that she

descended from a family possessing what may well be the rarest Christian and surnames in England. And that this is no idle boast we are authorised to quote the opinion of no less a personage than that of Sir S. P. Vivian, K.C.B., Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, within whose purview millions of names pass annually. Rarity to him must be rarity indeed. The unusual surname is that of Goldsworth* and the unique Christian name that of Colubre or Colliberry, and they were united in the year 1737 on the marriage of Samuel Goldsworth and Colliberry Hoare, who, there is little doubt, were Mrs. John Dickens's great-grandparents."

Samuel Goldsworth was the grandson of a John Goldsworth who, born in the reign of Charles I, was a prominent citizen of Aylesbury, a frequent juror of the Assizes there, and petty constable in 1689. John married Hannah Bennet in 1670 by whom he had two children, John and Hannah. There is a tablet to the memory of the daughter in the church at Thame, which shows that she was thirty-two when she died in 1703 and that she was the wife of the headmaster of the school there, the Rev. Henry Bruges. Henry was the son of Robert Bruges, of Winchester, where he was at school before he matriculated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, in 1687. He died on May 6th, 1727, and was survived by his wife, Hannah, and a son, Henry, also a clergyman, sometime of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and later Rector of Pitchcott, Bucks.

John Goldsworth the second was also of Aylesbury and was a churchwarden there in 1715. He married Mary, the daughter of Samuel Harrison, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Rector of Oving in that county, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Samuel Harrison, Rector of Hartwell, Bucks., until 1693. The children of John and Mary Goldsworth were Samuel, John, William, Hannah, Frances and Harrison.

It will not have escaped the reader's notice that if the family of Dickens's mother included much musical talent, there was much clerical blood as well.

Samuel Goldsworth, the eldest son, was baptised at Aylesbury on September 9th, 1714, and on his father's death in 1732, inherited land at the nearby Hurlcott. He was married by licence on July 24th, 1737, to Collyberry, the daughter of Robert Hoare, of Bierton, Bucks. Samdel lived for a short time at Drayton Parslow, Bucks., where two of his children were born: Robert, in 1743, who died unmarried and was probably the partner of John Geib, as we have seen, and Ann, in 1746, who married Thomas Wawen at Christ Church, Newgate Street, in 1773. Samuel Goldsworth had three daughters who followed their brother Robert to London: Hannah, who died unmarried, and was buried at Lambeth on January 7th, 1803: Mary, who, as already recorded, married Thomas Culliford in 1770. She died in 1797 and was also buried at Lambeth: and Hester, who was married at St. James's, Westminster, on January 23rd, 1763, to Robert Mulcaster, later a witness to his sister Mary's marriage to Thomas Culliford. There is probably relationship, although it has not been established, between this Robert and the Elizabeth Mulcaster who was a witness to the marriage between Charles Barrow and Mary Culliford in 1788.

Now let us turn to look at the family of Samuel Godsworth's strangely named bride, Collibury or Colliberry Hoare, who, in the opinion of Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling, was the great-grandmother of Mrs. John Dickens, and the mother of that Mary Goldsworth who married Thomas Culliford, the musical instrument maker, at St. Marylebone Church on September 23rd, 1770.

* The name Goldsworth does not appear in the London Telephone Directory.

In the licence from the Archdeacon of Aylesbury, dated July 24th, 1737, by which Colliberry was married, she was described as "a singlewoman" of Bierton, Bucks., and one of the sureties was her father, Robert Hoare, of the same place. Robert was married at Soulbury, Bucks., on July 24th, 1712, to Mary Brasbridge, of Aylesbury. He was the son of William Hoare and Collibury Beke, the daughter of William Beke, of Cuddington, near Aylesbury, who registered his pedigree at the Herald's *Visitation of Bucks.* in 1669. It will be seen that Colliberry Goldsworth was descended from many of the best families in Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, notably that of Lovelace, to which the Cavalier poet belonged, and that for more than two centuries this quaint Christian name persisted.

The earliest ancestress bearing the name to be traced by Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling, was one Colubre Lamberde, the daughter of William Lamberde, of Chertsey, and his wife, Alice, daughter and heir of Thomas Tasburgh, a member of an ancient Suffolk family. Colubre was born about 1510 and it has been suggested that her name was derived from a species of humming-bird known to Spanish West Indians as Colubri. The brilliant plumage of these birds was much sought after, for the purpose of feminine adornment, when it was imported from those recently discovered lands. She became the wife of a man of good family, Richard Warde, of Hurst, Berks., Cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. Her daughter Ann married Richard Lovelace, 1542-1602, of Lady Place, Hurley, Berks., a well-known and picturesque house on the Upper Thames.

Richard and Ann Lovelace had several children, the eldest of whom was created Baron Lovelace in 1627, and from another son was descended Richard Lovelace, 1618-1658, the poet. Their daughter, Collibury Lovelace, became a personage of some note. She died in 1629, having survived two husbands, the second being Symon Mayne the squire of Dinton, Bucks. By the first, Richard Beke, of Whitenights, at Haddenham, in the same county, she had a numerous family which passed on the name peculiar to their stock. For instance, Marmaduke Beke, the fifth son, had a daughter baptised at Haddenham in 1630. Sara Beke, sister to Marmaduke, married, as his second wife, Alexander Croke, of Chilton, Bucks., whose son, Richard, was knighted and whose daughter, Collibury Croke, was born in 1631. While Collibury Beke, the daughter of Richard Beke and Collibury Lovelace, married at Dinton in 1625, Thomas Bulstrode, of Hedgeley, Bucks., and had, among other children, Collibury, who married John Ward, of Upton, Bucks., who died in 1699.

William Beke, of Cuddington, the sixth child of Richard and Collibury, was, as already mentioned, the father of Collibury Hoare, of Bierton, and was buried there on June 27th, 1738, more than two hundred years after the advent of her great-great-grandmother and namesake, Colubre Lamberde, of Chertsey.

Dickens's "Genealogical Poser"

In 1839, from Elm Cottage, Petersham, Dickens wrote to George Cattermole, the artist: "Why is 'Peveril' lingering on my dusty shelves in town, while my fair cousin and your fair bride remains in blissful ignorance of his merits?" He wrote again about the time of the birth of the artist's daughter Jane. That was on February 26th, 1841, when Cattermole was engaged upon illustrations for *Barnaby Rudge*: "I have addled my head with writing all day and have hardly wit enough left to send my love to my cousin and—there's a genealogical poser!—what relation of mine may the dear little child be. At present, I desire to be commended to her clear blue eyes."

Charles's "fair cousin" was Clarissa Hester Elderton and she was

born at Nelson Square, Blackfriars, on July 10th, 1812. She married George Cattermole at St. Marylebone on August 20th, 1839. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's brother, the Rev. Richard Cattermole, Vicar of Little Marlow, Bucks. He had formerly been curate at St. Matthews, Brixton, from 1825 to 1832, and was secretary of the Royal Society of Literature from its foundation in 1823 until 1852.

Clarissa was the third daughter of James Elderton, who was born in London on March 2nd, 1769. He was a barrister of the Inner Temple and Deputy Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer until his death in 1832, when he left a Will remarkable for the variety of the Christian names of his many children and for the careful distribution among them of books whose titles and provenance are fully set out. Mrs. Cattermole inherited "my small blue bible."

Evidently Dickens's cousinship was sufficiently remote for him to have only a vague idea as to the relationship. His cousin's ancestry takes us back to the Bekes and the Goldsworths, through whom the connection was established. Clarissa's father, James Elderton, was the son of Harbin Elderton, of Bow Churchyard and Clapham, who, with his two brothers, all in the livery of the Company of Musicians of the City of London, were the sons of James Elderton, of Orcheston St. Mary, Wilts., whose family had been settled there since the days of Elizabeth. Their descendants are thought to be now residing at Amersham, Bucks.

Clarissa's parents were first cousins, her mother being Esther, daughter of Thomas Elderton, of Bow Lane, Cheapside. Thomas's wife was the daughter of the Rev. John Mosse, whose wife, Jane, suggest Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling, was descended from Jane Beke, sister of that Collibury Beke who was the grandmother of Collibury Goldsworth.

The Rev. John Mosse matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1735, and became rector of Great Hampden, Bucks., in 1750. His first wife, Jane, was buried there on November 8th, 1751, after which he married Anna Maria, daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Reynolds, Rector of Hoggeston, Bucks. Drayton Parslow and Soulsbury, names we have already noted in this history, were adjoining parishes.

Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling conclude this portion of their work by adding that a thorough investigation into the ramifications of the Elderton family led, by the process of elimination, to the conclusion that the only answer to Charles's "poser," is that he was about sixth cousin of the "dear little child" of February, 1841. Small wonder at the doubt as to the exact relationship, which by that time had become traditional only.

Elizabeth Charlton, the Great-aunt

We now come to the lady whom Dickens referred to as "Aunt Charlton." In a letter written by Dickens to his Uncle Thomas Barrow on March 31st, 1836, two days before his marriage, after some lengthy reference to family discordances, he concludes: "I have only to add that the contents of this letter are unknown to everybody but Aunt Charlton, to whom I have written on the same subject." And in commenting upon Dickens's application for a reader's ticket at the British Museum at the earliest dated on his eighteenth birthday, we learn that one of his guarantors was C. W. Charlton. Kitton, in his *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil*, states that Dickens's mother was the niece of Mrs. Charlton. This information he received from Edward Blackmore in a note which I am able to quote by the kindness of Mr. Carlton, to whom the original was lent by Blackmore's grandson. It is dated July, 1870, and reads: "In the year 1827 I was established in

business in Gray's Inn, in partnership with a Mr. Ellis, and resided at a boarding-house in Bersers Street [at No. 16] kept by Mr. and Mrs. Charlton. Mrs. Dickens was the niece of Mrs. Charlton and often paid us a visit with her children. Charles's mother expressed a great wish

"Aunt Charlton"

from a portrait thought to be by Janet Ross
in the possession of Mrs. A. M. Simpson.

to get him employment in my office and the boy's manners were so prepossessing that I agreed to take him as a clerk . . ."

In the Census returns of 1841 an entry for 62 Warren Street, St. Pancras, runs as follows :

Charles [Wm.] Charlton, aged 60, Prerogative Office clerk.
Elizabeth Charlton, aged 55.
Sarah Barrow, aged 35, independent.
Elizabeth Charlton, aged 65, independent.
Sarah Taylor, aged 35, independent.

All these persons were born outside the county of Middlesex. There were, in addition, three servants. The Sarah Barrow mentioned here as being thirty-five years of age at this time cannot be the sister of Dickens's mother for that Sarah Barrow was born, as we have seen, in 1791.

According to a Return of Services of the Clerks in the Prerogative Office, made also in 1841, Charlton had then completed thirty-four years service in the Office. He died in 1853 and when he made his Will on February 7th of that year he described himself as of 35 Euston Square, and of the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons. His wife survived him and his Will was proved by his only surviving brother, the Rev. William Henry Charlton, then of 7 Nottingham Terrace, Marylebone. He was M.A. of Magdalen College, Oxford, Vicar of Felmingham, Norfolk, and from 1851 until his death on May 11th, 1866, Perpetual Curate of Marylebone Parish Chapel. Another brother, Edwin, had died on July 2nd, 1849; for twenty years he had been secretary to the Albion Life Insurance Company.

The three brothers were the children of Charles Charlton, of Manchester, and grandsons of John Charlton, a schoolmaster there. Another member of the family, Thomas Charlton, also of the Prerogative Office, will claim our attention in a few moments.

Elizabeth had been born a Culliford and was a younger sister of Mary Culliford who married Charles Barrow. She was therefore not Dickens's aunt, but his great-aunt on his mother's side. Dickens thought of her highly enough to write to her about the family quarrels two days before his marriage when he wrote on the same lines to his uncle, Thomas Barrow. The letter to his great-aunt has not survived, but that to Uncle Thomas, once in the possession of Walter Dexter, was presented to the Dickens House by Mrs. Dexter. It throws considerable light upon the strained relations between his father's and his mother's kindred which had arisen through John Dickens's unorthodox proceedings in money matters. I am greatly indebted to Mrs. A. M. Simpson, a grand-daughter of Thomas Culliford Barrow, for permission to reproduce a portrait of Elizabeth Charlton said to be by Janet Ross.

Dickens's accounts of the Prerogative Office at Doctor's Commons need no repetition here. Dickensians are familiar with them in the pages of *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*.

The Mystery of Thomas Charlton, Junr.

It would be safe to presume that Thomas Charlton, Junr., was related to "Aunt Charlton," but we still do not know exactly how. The story revolves round the little office at 5 Bell Yard, Doctor's Commons, which Dickens shared from 1830 until about 1833. It was pulled down early in the recent war to make room for some air-raid shelters. Bell Yard, from which Richard Quiney addressed the only surviving letter written to Shakespeare, is at the time of writing still closed to the public. Charles van Noorden was the first to notice that Dickens worked here while he was employed as a shorthand-writer at Doctors' Commons; later Mr. W. J. Carlton published his *Charles Dickens, Shorthand-Writer*, with more information on the matter and now come the findings of Messrs. Butler and Campling. Charles van Noorden found Dickens's name in *Clarke's New Law List*, 1831-1836, under "Shorthand-Writers and Translators of Records," and giving his address as 5 Bell Yard. Mr. Carlton found the same address recorded in the papers of a case before the Consistory Court of Doctosr' Commons in November, 1830, reported by Dickens. He also found that the *Post Office London Directory*, 1829-1834, states that C. E. Fenton, proctor, practised at the same address. In 1835 he was at 7 Great Carter Lane. Now Mr. Carlton and Messrs. Butler and Campling have simultaneously

found the following entry in *Robson's London Directory* from 1830 to 1836.

BELL YARD
Doctors' Commons
5 Charlton, Thos. jun.
Fenton, Chas. Edw.

and in the "Commercial" portion of the book is to be found:

Charlton, Thos., jun.
Record keeper, 5 Bell yd.
Fenton,

It also records that the Vicar-General's office was at the same address.

We have agreed to assume that Thomas Charlton, Junior, was a relative of Aunt Charlton, but so far no clue as to the precise relationship has come to light. At this point Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling suggest that he was a brother of C. W. Charlton. The name Thomas Charlton, Jun., would seem to indicate the existence of an elder Thomas Charlton. At any rate, we can get no further than this unless more information becomes available.

Fenton's family history was thoroughly investigated by Mr. Butler and Mr Campling, to discover the possibility of any relationship with Dickens, but none was found. Charles Edward Fenton was articled to John Torriano, proctor of the Arches Court of Canterbury, and was himself admitted a proctor in Easter Term, 1803. He practiced, at different times, at 2 Bennet's Hill, at 5 Bell Yard and 7 Great Carter Lane, and died on January 10th, 1850, at Cobham in Surrey. His brother, Perrot Fenton, the younger, was admitted to St. Paul's School in 1785 when he was eleven, articled to Thomas Adderley on October 17th, 1787, admitted a proctor in 1794, and died on January 14th, 1865. On September 14th, 1818, he took, as an articled pupil, T. E. Fielder, who afterwards became a partner in the firm of Fenton, Fielder and Fielder, proctors at 5 Godliman Street, Doctor's Commons, who proved the Will of Dickens's step-uncle, William Warder. See p. 72.

The brothers Fenton were the sons of Perrot Fenton, senior, also a proctor in Godliman Street, who died on June 19th, 1844. Although no hint of relationship with Dickens was found, the Fentons have some interest as they must have been very familiar to Charles at this early and impressionable period of his life. The investigation also seems to indicate that Dickens did not himself rent an office in Doctor's Commons. Of the occupants of 5 Bell Yard we are now left with the Vicar-General's Office and its Record Keeper, Thomas Charlton, junior, and it seems fair to assume that he allowed Dickens, a family connection, to use his office. Alternatively, as Fenton was the proctor concerned in the case before the Consistory Court already referred to, Dickens probably reported this and similar cases for him and, as Mr. Carlton suggests, it was he, Fenton, who lent Dickens the office. This address Mr. Carlton found under Dickens's name in the *Law List* up to and including 1844, long after he had any use for it. A principal part of the business of the Vicar-General's Office was the issuing of marriage licences, a process which is described both in *Pickwick* and in *David Copperfield*.

We have now reached the end of these investigations and it but remains for me to record my grateful thanks to those who have so generously assisted me. First I must thank Miss Butler and Mrs. Campling for their kindness in allowing *The Dickensian* to print them. I have also to record my debt to Mr. W. J. Carlton for placing his unrivalled knowledge entirely at my disposal. Another debt has to be acknowledged to Mr. R. F. R. Barrow, at whose instigation Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling began their work, and who has given me much valuable help. Finally, I gratefully acknowledge the assistance afforded me by Mr. Ralph Straus.

NOTE.—On p. 72, line 42, *for* "Liddington" *read* "Lidlington."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT BROADSTAIRS

THE Conference at Broadstairs was a complete and unqualified success. Even the weather, although a little cold at first, quickly repented and traditional Conference weather prevailed. The charming little bay of Broadstairs was looking its best and how good that is. It has changed but little since Dickens spent his holidays there so frequently and it unerringly exercised its spell upon the record number of delegates, well over two hundred of them, from all parts of the country and from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the United States. All were agreed that it was the ideal venue for Conference in the Centenary Year of *David Copperfield*, for here lived the original of Betsey Trotwood, who really did chase donkeys along the cliff-top where delegates took the air between the many enjoyable functions.

The proceedings opened on Friday evening, 27th May, when a reception was given at the Pavilion by the Urban District Council of Broadstairs and St. Peters. Members were received by the Chairman, Councillor F. B. Salt, J.P., C.C., and Mrs. Salt. Dancing to an excellent orchestra, a cabaret of ballet arranged by Mme Kotchinsky and a running buffet contributed to a highly successful evening and the Dickens Fellowship is greatly indebted to this public spirited and generous Council for such a brilliant opening to the Conference. Midnight arrived all too quickly and in making their way to their various hotels, the members were delighted to see the bay outlined in coloured electric lights in honour of the occasion.

The Business Meeting assembled in the Pavilion at an early hour on the Saturday, where the delegates were welcomed by Councillor Salt on behalf of the Urban District Council, who then gave place to Alderman H. Cole, of Gloucester, the Chairman of the Council of the Dickens Fellowship, who presided over the meeting. His Address outlined the Dickensian associations of the town, paid tribute to the Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship and its officers, and was warmly applauded. After the Roll of Branches had been called and the Minutes of the last Conference read, Mr. J. Greaves, Hon. Secretary, read :

THE REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

Last year we held our first Conference out of London since the beginning of the war, and all who attended it at Southend will testify to its unqualified success. The pleasant memories of it, in fact, have carried us through the year to the present Conference.

At last Conference, Mr. Percy Merriman was re-elected Honorary Secretary of the Fellowship ; but during the year he found, unfortunately for us, that his professional commitments were too heavy to allow him to spare the time necessary for the carrying out of that office, and this occasioned his resignation. I feel sure that you would like me to express your very grateful thanks to Mr. Merriman, not only for his valuable services as Honorary Secretary, but also for numerous services rendered in giving recitals and conducting many interesting rambles.

During the year, I have had the pleasure of visiting many of our branches ; and although the time at my disposal is limited, I hope to have the additional pleasure of extending my visits to other branches in the future.

Generally speaking, from my experience of the branches I have had the privilege of visiting, and from what I have gathered from reports which reach me from time to time, I feel satisfied that I can apply that term " encouraging " to the Fellowship as a whole. As Mr. Squeers remarked on beginning his new term, " we have had disappointments to contend with," when you will remember Boulder's father was two pound ten short. These disappointments, in the case of the Fellowship, were unavoidable.

Two branches were wound-up during the year, Leyton and Marion (Ohio), U.S.A., an aftermath of the war, and I would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy and thanks to the officers who have fought a losing battle against overwhelming odds. Against these two losses, one new branch has been formed at Guildford, Surrey. It would have been very pleasing to have numbered Yarmouth among our new branches, especially this year, but unfortunately, hopes have not yet been realised of a branch in the heart of the Copperfield Country. We are therefore faced with a loss of one, and are left with a total of 67 branches against 68 at the date of the last Conference. I am often asked the total number of members in the Fellowship; but that is something we can only guess at. It may be that even with the loss of one branch, our membership has increased. Branches have been asked therefore to make a return of their membership, so that in future years, we can watch the trend of our numbers.

We must not rest. To branches both new and old I would emphasise the importance of encouraging new members to join. Ask those you have now to interest their friends, and new members in particular should be looked upon as a potential source of fresh contacts. Sad though it is to admit, time is bound to take its toll, and older members, who have gallantly carried the Fellowship so far, invite younger enthusiasts to take over the reins. It behoves us to prove that we are not just a band of genial Victorians with our thoughts in the past, but that we have something real and tangible which can still give enjoyment and pleasure—the unparalleled writings of Dickens.

One suggestion I should like to make to all branches for their thought and consideration. Get into touch with the secretaries of all literary societies and clubs in your district. They might like you to arrange a Dickens evening for them during the season, and it may lead to something useful.

That brings me to another important point. On the 6th October, 1952, the Dickens Fellowship will attain its Jubilee and we should like to mark that year in a special way, besides celebrating it as no doubt all branches will wish to do. More detailed plans will be discussed in due course and we hope that all branches will join in making the Jubilee of the Fellowship, which I believe is an outstanding event in the history of Literary Societies, a real success.

From a Jubilee is a natural jump to a Centenary. From May this year until November, 1950, is the Centenary of the writing and publication of *David Copperfield*. Everything possible is being done in London to celebrate this Centenary, including a small exhibition at the Dickens House, and another at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is hoped that the Roman Bath in the Strand, in which David had many a cold plunge to clear his confused wits, when his aunt suddenly descended upon him with the news of her ruin, will be opened this year to visitors. Special lectures will be included in our London Syllabus and possibly branches will mark the Centenary in a similar manner.

Visitors to Dickens House, Doughty Street, during 1948, numbered 2,712, an increase of over 500 on last year's total, which compares very favourably with pre-war figures. The majority of these visitors were not from overseas, which, I think, is very encouraging, as in the first place, it is good to know that interest in Dickens in our own country is not on the wane, and in the second place, we may look for a further increase when more visitors come from abroad.

Frequent applications are made by American Film Companies making educational pictures on the subject of Dickens, to be given facilities for photographing our valuable exhibits, and constant enquiries are received from overseas publishers for information. Unfortunately, they are usually not too ready to respond to our suggestion that they should contribute to our Endowment Fund. It does prove, however, if we need such proof, that interest in Dickens beyond the seas is still as strong as ever.

This year saw the production of yet another Dickens film, *Oliver Twist*. It has had some curious publicity arising from what Dickens himself would probably not regard with any great surprise for he received a similar protest himself. I venture to guess that the financial results of this picture have given the big film corporations cause to turn their thoughts to further Dickensian ventures as a very profitable source of income. These films may not be all that we could wish; no keen Dickensian will ever be satisfied with

dramatic adaptations of the novels ; but they do introduce Dickens to many thousands of people, people we could not reach.

The great characters are still accepted in everyday language and on the advertisement hoardings. Mr. Micawber still gazes upon us from sweetshop-windows as the greatest "humbug" of all, to advertise a peppermint confection, of that name. A libel on the name of Wilkins Micawber—it should be Pecksniff. Dickens is in everyday use in the newspapers ; the Fagins in the Criminal Courts ; the Olivers who ask for more ; the Bill Sikeses and the Bumbles ; used rightly and often wrongly in films and in newspapers, the general public is ready to hear about Dickens and his great company of characters. It is our task to tell them the right things and spread interest in his works.

In closing, I should like to express my great appreciation of the help afforded to me by our Assistant Secretary, Miss Minards. Repeating my remark in my Annual Report to Headquarters, in regard to Honorary Secretaries and the help they receive from her, one and all, I pointed out that they may come and they may go, but like Tennyson's Brook, she goes on for ever. It takes some time for anyone new to the Honorary Secretary-ship to pick up the many threads of office, and the assistance Miss Minards affords at such times is invaluable ; but she takes it all in her stride in addition to her regular work, which, believe me, is considerable and is subject to one long round of interruptions.

Finally I should like to express my thanks to the other Officers, whose friendly guidance and willing co-operation have smoothed the way for me in the nine months of office I have completed, and made it a great pleasure, besides being a great honour, to serve as Honorary Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship.

Mr. E. J. Mitchell then read the

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

Again I have to prepare my Report with an apology for the Auditors, who, owing to circumstances beyond their control, have not yet found it possible to commence the Audit of our books. Those of you who are engaged in Commerce and Industry will, I am sure, appreciate fully the difficulties under which the Accountancy Profession is now working.

However, draft Accounts have been prepared and these contain sufficient information for me to put you in possession of the present financial position of the Fellowship. I will avoid worrying you with unnecessary details, and will quote figures in round pounds only. Those of you who may be particularly interested can examine the draft Accounts and I can explain any particular items if a request is made after this meeting.

At the risk of an annual repetition, I again explain that the Accounts are twofold. Those for The Dickens Fellowship which embrace all the activities of the Fellowship and those for the Dickens House which cover the ownership and administration of 48 Doughty Street and the adjoining property.

For the purposes of this report I can deal only with the Accounts of The Dickens Fellowship. These accounts have a sub-division covering the publication of *The Dickensian*.

The receipts from all sources for 1948 were £3 less than for 1947—the total being £866. The total expenses were £27 less than for 1947 at £914. The stock of bound volumes was £3 less at £13. That gives a net difference of £21 and the loss for the year was £35 as against £56 in 1947. That is the only satisfaction. There is, of course, an obvious answer to a continued loss—an increase in the Sales.

As regards the Fellowship accounts, here again there is practically no difference in the total receipts—they were £2 more than for 1947 at £664. There was, however, an increase in our expenses—Rent, Salaries, Postages and cost of *Dickensians* to Headquarters Members—showing an increase of £177 at £466, but against that a transfer made by the Auditors in 1947 does not arise so that the total expenses are only £98 more than for 1947. The net result is that there was an excess of Income over Expenditure of £139 ; for 1947 it was £238.

I do not wish to weary you with the details of the Balance Sheet items. I think I need only say that we are still quite solvent, and that the balance on hand, after setting off the loss on *The Dickensian* was £840 as against £756 at the beginning of the year.

There is one item, however, to which I would like to refer and that is Costumes. There is a balance on that account of £341. All this is due to the efforts of some of our lady members, working, I think, as a sewing party over a number of years past, making costumes of Dickensian characters for use at Theatricals, Fancy Dress affairs and the like. These are let out on hire at small fees to our Members only. At the moment I am informed that we have over 300 costumes. I think we are all very much indebted to those ladies who have worked so well for us. In addition, by their efforts, we were able to add £50 to the Endowment Fund on last year's working.

You may be interested in our subscriptions to Charities during 1948 :

	£	s.	d.
National Children's Home and Orphanage	22	0	0
Save the Children Fund	52	10	0
Royal Wanstead School	10	10	0
Reedham Orphanage	7	7	0
London Association for the Blind	5	5	0
Royal Surgical Aid Society	3	3	0
Coram's Fields	5	0	0
Cot at the Treloar Cripples Home	15	15	0

After this Report had been formally adopted there came the Election of Officers.

First there was the election, amid acclamation, of Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, as Life President, an office that had previously been filled only by his father, Sir Henry Fielding Dickens and, his aunt, Mrs. Kate Perugini.

Then the existing Vice-Presidents and Officers were re-elected, as also were the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney.

A cordial invitation for Conference to be held next year in Lytham St. Annes was extended by Mrs. Graystock, Hon. Secretary of the Branch there and this was accepted with enthusiasm. An invitation that Conference should be held at Cheltenham in 1951 was left for settlement between the inviting West Country Branches and the Fellowship in London.

In celebration of its Centenary it was decided to take *David Copperfield* as the " Book of the Year," in place of those previously selected, *Edwin Drood* and *Sketches by Boz*, which were chosen for study during the season 1950-51.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Mitchell, then made a statement and an appeal on the subject of the Dickens House which is fully dealt with on p. 200 of this issue. A number of branch representatives then presented cheques for the Endowment Fund, details of which appear on another page, and Mrs. Graystock, on behalf of the St. Annes Branch, presented a hitherto unpublished letter of Dickens to Fanny Kelly, dated 25th December, 1845, giving instructions for a forthcoming performance at her Dean Street theatre.

After some discussion certain alterations to the Rules of the Fellowship, recommended by Council, were agreed to.

An interesting report of the N.W. Regional Group was made by Miss Irene Howes, President of the Liverpool Branch and Chairman-Elect of the Group. The hope was expressed that other Groups would be formed for similarly successful activities.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Broadstairs and St. Peters U.D.C. for their generous hospitality and for the warmth of the reception accorded to delegates in numerous ways. A similar vote to the Broadstairs Branch for the highly successful organisation of the Conference and for the great welcome afforded to everyone. Both were replied to by Mr. H. C. Norris, Clerk to the Council and Hon. Secretary to Conference. A vote of thanks to the Chairman and his reply brought the long morning's business to a close.

The afternoon was pleasantly spent in touring the houses associated with Dickens and his works, a full account of which may be found in the March Number. Two of them were open for inspection, the so-called Bleak House, where Dickens's study was the mecca of a long stream of visitors all the afternoon, and Dickens House, the home of Mary Pearson Strong, the original of Betsey Trotwood. Here the kindly owners, Miss D. Tattam, Hon. Secretary of the Broadstairs Branch, and Miss G. Waterer, tirelessly received their guests all the afternoon.

The evening saw the Conference Banquet in the Ballroom of the Grand Hotel, under the Chairmanship of Dr. Hugh Raven, President of the Broadstairs Branch. The well-known poet and critic, Mr. Richard Church, proposed the principal toast, that of :

"THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS"

As I look round upon this company of enthusiasts, knowledgeable enthusiasts whose expert and detailed acquaintance with the pages written by our immortal "Trot" (for we can't help associating him with that beloved figure, can we ?) ; I say, as I look round on this Fellowship, and even on its guests, I feel myself like Mrs. Gummidge : not the "lone, lorn creature" Mrs. Gummidge (for I'm in good company to-night), but the Mrs. Gummidge who said, in a tearful voice, "I ain't what I could wish myself to be."

For the trouble about a writer is, that he is too heavily concerned with the problems of his own creative work (sometimes a crushing burden, and when they're not a burden they're an intoxication, which is an even more self-concerned condition) ; he is so occupied with these problems of his own work that he dare not tackle those of another. And if he does, he is apt to twist them to his own needs and perplexities.

So I am very timid, to-night especially ; for this is a more significant occasion than many of the meetings of your Fellowship. It is held in the centenary year of the appearance of the first serial parts of what has proved to be one of the great novels of our English literature ; indeed, one of the greatest novels in any literature in any language : *David Copperfield*. The very name no longer sounds like a book. It sounds like something private and personal to me, to you, to every literate person the world over. That's no exaggeration. David Copperfield is not only someone we *know* ; he is the symbol of the ever-present *ego*, the *I*, the mysterious *Myself*, which is the centre of the universe, the Indestructible Observer (I pray heaven, indestructible, or the human race is doomed), yes, the Indestructible Observer which lives within every human being, to note the goings on of the world, to give them significance, to value them, and to build from them a philosophy and a faith. We all have to do that, because it is a condition by which we keep our humanity, and show the *genius* of humanity. Without that inward consciousness of self, that awareness of being an Observer of the scene ; and it is a scene so wide that it reaches the stars ; so intimate that its threshold is in our own hearts ; without that consciousness, as I said just now, we are doomed. Without it, the human race may achieve something in the future, but the achievement will not be a *human* achievement. It will belong to the realm of the *ant* ; the realm where the *Total* is all, and the parts are nothing ; the realm that is threatening us to-day, with the *State* made sacred and supreme, and the sanctity of the individual destroyed for ever.

What a fate ! And to whom have we to look for our salvation from it ? You know the answer. We should look to the artists, unless they betray themselves and us with them. We look to them because they are the eternal rebels against the ever-menacing advance of the idea of *External Authority*. I say "advance" ; but what I really mean is the closing-down, the congealing of a dogma, after the up-thrusting fire of a new inspiration, whether religious, political or aesthetic. They are dangerous people, therefore ; those poets. That is why Plato wanted to exclude them from his ideal State. Bad cess to him. How Dickens would have frightened him ; Dickens who showed young David Copperfield biting the cold hand of Authority ; Mr. Murdstone, the figure of authority, the summing-up of tyrannical control for the sake of control. But the contrast between Plato and Dickens is absurd. Too much history lies between them. But mark, that it was the

gentle, courteous little fellow who did the biting (and by Heaven, how he suffered for it afterwards !). It was the quiet, law-abiding young citizen, instinctively roused to a sense of injustice and cruelty.

What is the significance of this ? What was the energy, the power, which stirred in young David Copperfield, driving him to an act doomed to failure, and finally to victory through the consequences of that failure ? It was the same energy, the same force, as that which gave him his quiet endurance *as an individual*, making him a detached Observer, a true Atom of Personal Identity which neither the science of Law, nor its vicious application, could split.

But I haven't said what this energy, this power, IS, nor where it comes from. I am not sure that I can. If I could I should know the riddle of human nature and the Being who created us. But I can hazard a guess ; the guess of *faith*. And I can present it in terms of an *image*. The image is Charles Dickens. It might be Shakespeare, or Cervantes, or Goethe. It might be Balzac or Tolstoi, or that magnificent fellow, Geoffrey Chaucer, with whom Dickens has so much in common. But we can choose Dickens to-night because here is one of the monumental examples of the triumph of individuality over circumstance. And I doubt if there is a greater example of this asseveration of sheer, and persistent creative energy. That is the mark of a great novelist. He is one who builds a solid world out of his imagination ; a maker of events that never took place, but are more real than the material happenings of history, past or present. A great novelist may discuss his characters and his drama ; or he may not. What signifies, what differentiates him from the merely talented writer, is this primary faculty for *making a world first* ; for pouring out an unfailing stream of incident, of character, not as an illustration, but as a fore-runner and creator of ideas.

We know how Dickens excelled in that. And we know how the huge tide of his creative genius was always battering at the dams and sea-walls of standardised acceptances and conventions. Some of the reasons for that are of dubious origin. The indignities and humiliations of his childhood were never forgotten, or indeed forgiven, and the torture which they had given him set up a reflex action that never quite died down. We know how it is present, for example, even in the lovely serenity of this greatest of his works, the mature *David Copperfield*, the autobiographical work which reveals the man.

All writers of any personality at all, sooner or later write such a book, some with many veils to disguise it, some with few. And it is always in this book that the genius emerges more clearly, distinctive from the professional talent. For genius is the spirit of overtones. It always brings more than it intends. Did Dickens know, for example, when he was writing *David Copperfield* that he was giving to this tale, half-remembered rather than invented, a sort of musical unity, like that golden aura which hovers round the octave of distant bells ringing a bob-major ? The bob-major is the plot, the intellectual shaping. But what the genius brings is that strange, elusive, and finally heart-rending overtone that comes across the fields of our experience and makes us realise their distance, their timelessness, and alas, their time-*full*-ness. That is the paradox of genius. It gives us opposites at one and the same moment. So it is with Dickens. Here he is, after a century of the rubbing-down of time, still offering to the world a body of work that is *extra-personal* ; work in which the hundreds of characters have taken on, from the first moment of their birth in his imagination, a quality that makes them universal, makes them types of the general divisions of humanity, simple as the masks of tragedy and comedy worn by the actors in the theatre of Aeschylus. In David, he has brought that process to its final triumph, because this subjective figure, shadowy enough, perhaps, in the novel, and in the vivid gallery of Dickensian puppets ; this subjective figure is for all time the symbol of the reader's very self, that secret self which *looks out on life* and remains unalterable, the denominator of personal identity !

That is one aspect of the demonstration of genius, as we see it at work in the poet, and so clearly in the great poet, such as Dickens. But the paradox is here too. I spoke of a paradox, and here it is. While these characters are universal types, they are also sharply marked individuals, persons so pronounced in their habits that they walk up and down the world with such authority that nobody can miss them. Betsey Trotwood, for example, and

the little buckets ! Uriah Heep and those dreadful bony hands ! Peggotty and her thimble ! Hundreds of such folk. The procession winds back from here to the vanished offices of Chapman and Hall and the other Victorian publishers, a hundred years long. And each member will be identifiable when that procession is *two* hundred years long ! Don't you agree ?

Yet how wide are their origins ! How wide and how deep ! We shall never know quite how much reading Dickens did as a youth, for the scholarship of the self-educated is always difficult to assess because of its lack of orderliness. But we can see how Chaucer's Wife of Bath must have lodged in Dickens's heart. We can see the brotherhood of Barnaby Rudge with Humphrey Clinker ; and how Surtees' Mr. Jorrocks came and slapped Dickens on the back at the time of the foundation of the Pickwick Club. May we not even find a relationship between young David and the Christian of John Bunyan, since both are figures of misfortune whose innocence is gradually ripened by misadventure ? And Tom Jones was a not very distant cousin.

But origins are not our concern now. They are for the study. What we want to-night is to see the fire of Dickens burning as a beacon to our foundering ships. Society is in trouble, greater trouble than usual. The life of the individual is threatened once more, not in the same way as it was in Dickens's time. But the battle which he launched in its defence a century ago, is one which we can take part in to-day, re-opening it, to shape our own attack in favour of the freedom of the individual, the dignity of private life, and its sustenance in kindness, tolerance and sympathy. All these things Dickens has taught us, not by preaching, but by creating them before our eyes.

I give you the Toast of " The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens."

After the toast had, according to custom, been honoured in silence, Mr. Church received a great ovation.

In an eloquent speech, Alderman E. S. Oak-Rhind, C.B.E., proposed the toast of

" THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP,"

to which the following reply was made by Capt. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, M.C. :

I am indeed honoured to have been chosen to reply to this toast upon this occasion. It must always be one of the greatest honours which an institution can confer upon one of its members to ask him to speak for it. And on this occasion more so still since I have to reply to the gracious and charming speech with which Mr. Oak-Rhind had paid his tribute to us—Mr. Oak-Rhind whose service to this town, to Kent and to the Fellowship generally are so well known.

I feel, too, that the honour is also made to my family as descendants of of that tremendous genius whose works we all venerate and enjoy. But, above all, I recognise in it, if not a vote of confidence in my own capabilities, at least not a vote of censure—and for that I am grateful.

It is well, Mr. Chairman, to remember that the Dickens Fellowship has been in existence now for close on forty-seven years. That alone tells its story. But when we remember that this time has not only included two of the most terrible and disastrous of wars, but also has witnessed a complete revolution of ideas and outlook, then we can truly realise the miracle of the survival of our organisation.

I need not tell you that this survival has not been due to quiescence. We can still hear the thunder of Chesterton in our ears, we still remember Matz and Dexter, and, thank God ! we still have Hill among us ! Forgive me if I do not give an exhaustive list of those who helped to make and shape the Fellowship. Their names are legion. Let me instead examine the reason for their work, and for its strength.

When Charles Dickens's Will came to be read in June of 1870, these words became imprinted in the minds of those that loved him : " I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works. . . ." It seemed at first that his wishes precluded an organisation such as this until it was realised that what this organisation was, was not a monument or memorial. No, nothing so dead as that ! But

that it was a vehicle whereby the knowledge of the great writer's works and of the great writer's great humanitarian principles might be kept constantly before the eyes of the world.

Thus the Dickens Fellowship took life and such life that nothing —no, not the bombs, not the slaughter, not the cynicism of a horrified generation— could stamp out. Thus it was that men and women with a solemn but none-the-less a happy purpose came together and with their enthusiasm built the organisation which has spread like wildfire throughout the English-speaking world so that to-night we can have here representatives—and such charming representatives, too —of countries and of cities as far removed as New Zealand, Australia and Canada, and Chicago and Boston, U.S.A.

Wherein lies this strength ? In Dickens's humour, in his courage, in his sanity, in his strength of moral purpose. People join this Fellowship because they love all these. They stay because they cannot go !

When I look around me at such a gathering as this, I often wonder what Charles Dickens would have made of us. There are Dickens characters here. I have met plenty of Mrs. Nicklebys, Mr. Mantalinis, Mr. Micawbers and my favourite, Mr. Toots. I am not free of this myself for I, too, have been known to use Mr. Snodgrass's famous excuse that it was the salmon ! And if I have not declared with Mr. Pickwick that " no living boy shall carry me " to bed, it is only because in the changed circumstances of the world, no living boy has even suggested that it was his intention so to do !

Let us be proud of hearing Dickensian characteristics and proud, too, that his works seem to have worked their way so well with us that one never meets amongst us an unreclaimed Scrooge, a Jonas Chuzzlewit, an Uriah Heep or a Pecksniff. There are, no doubt, plenty in the world but none in the Dickens Fellowship !

We should not, however, be so proud of our achievements as to forget all there is yet still to be done. Many still lack the fellowship of Dickens in their hearts and some even find it desirable to attack him and especially his moral background.

King's School, Canterbury
(Dr. Strong's) by Ruth Cobb,

by courtesy of *The Autocar*.

I shall refer to these only in passing. Their so-called evidence consisting as it does in large part of hearsay tittle-tattle is worthless in effect save for the pain it gives both to the great man's family and to the children of the Lady with whose name these scandalous stories have been associated.

For a man to be so wicked and yet to have such strong feelings of love for his children and to be so loved in return is strange indeed ! My grand-father and my great aunt, Kitty Perugini, always spoke with love and affection of him, and I prefer to accept the testimony of their love to the largely backstair gossip which his detractors find as evidence against him.

We also see Dickens's great humanitarian principles constantly under attack. Only the other day, a mother burnt her young daughter with a red-hot poker. For what I must presume they considered a purely petty crime, the magistrates imposed a fine of

£25 ! Such are some peoples' ideas of justice to-day ! No doubt if the same thing had been done to a dog, a term of imprisonment would have been given. But for a child, there is not the same protection.

I could say much more of this sort of thing but this is enough. We know our duty. We know our aims and let us be proud of our purpose.

For those who are fearful, let me remind them of a famous story of Lord Nelson who when he found a midshipman on his ship who was afraid to go aloft, would ask him to race with him to the top. When the boy arrived he would find the great sailor sitting astride and smiling and he would joke with the lad, saying how silly people must be to fear going aloft ! Presently the boy would no longer mind. Thus with all achievements—ours as well—when we arrive, we can laugh at past fears.

Mr. Chairman, we have already achieved so much. Let us not be afraid to carry on the great fight !

The Toast of the Council of the Urban District of Broadstairs and St. Peter's was proposed by Miss Florence Tweedie, Vice-President of the Sydney (Australia) Branch, in a charming speech which paid tribute to Broadstairs and its great traditions, to the Council and its officers who had so lavishly welcomed and entertained the Conference. She singled out for special thanks the Chairman of the Council, Councillor Salt, and Mr. H. C. Norris, Clerk to the Council, who had organised the Conference with such conspicuous success.

The final Toast, that of the Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship, was proposed by Mrs. Gwen Major, of London, was equally successful. Mrs. Major congratulated the Branch upon its rapid recovery from its virtual extinction as a result of the recent war, to its present strength, a strength that could stage so splendid a Conference. She paid special tribute to Miss Tattam and Miss Waterer and to Dr. Hugh Raven, the President. Dr. Raven's admirable reply brought a very memorable evening to a close.

The Sun Inn, Canterbury
(Micawber's "little inn") by Ruth Cobb,

by courtesy of *The Autocar*.

Sunday morning saw most of the delegates at church and the afternoon was quietly enjoyed in the sunshine. In the evening the Ballroom of the Grand Hotel was again the scene of a large gathering, when a long programme of musical and other recitals was enjoyed.

On Monday morning an early start was made in five motor-coaches for :

CANTERBURY.

After a beautiful ride through the lovely Kentish lanes, the visitors spent an hour or more in the Cathedral and then made their way to the Beaney Institute where they were most cordially received by the Mayor, Councillor S. H. Jennings, J.P., and Mrs. Jennings. Civic hospitality

was lavish and highly appreciated, and much interest was occasioned by an interesting little exhibition of Dickensiana arranged by the City Librarian, Mr. F. Higenbottam. The Mayor's warm speech of welcome was replied to fittingly by our Hon. Secretary, Mr. Greaves. Later, luncheon was served at the County Hotel, where the visitors were joined by the Mayor and Mayoress and by the Deputy Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman H. P. Dawton and Mrs. Dawton, and Mr. Higenbottam.

Afterwards the members divided into groups and under the direction of expert local guides, toured the Dickensian and historic sites of the beautiful old city in the glorious sunshine. Much interest was aroused by the devastation caused by a "Baedeker Raid" in 1942. Tea was served at the County Hotel and the return journey to Broadstairs made by motor coach.

The final function of the Conference was a performance on Monday evening of a dramatic adaptation of:

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

by Gladys Waterer, performed by the Winwood Players at The Playhouse, where it was enjoying a week's run. The version was a very skilful one to which the company did full justice. Winifred Payne produced the play and among the most successful performances were the John Peerybingle of Ronald Owen and the appealing Bertha Plummer of Margaret Austin, who played at very short notice owing to the sudden indisposition of the actress originally selected.

Thus ended an exceptionally successful Conference which reflected the greatest credit upon Miss Tattam, Dr. Raven, Mr. Norris and upon everyone concerned. The number of delegates attending was considerably in advance of last year's total. Each year brings an increasing number and next year, when Conference will be held in the North for the first time since the war, a record attendance is expected at the attractive resort of St. Annes-on-Sea. The youthful branch there, under the enthusiastic leadership of its Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Graystock, has promised a characteristic North Country welcome to us all.

L. C. S.

THE AUTHOR OF *SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY*

By ALAIN DE SUZANNET

A KEEN student of Dickens and one possessing a thorough knowledge of his writings has passed away recently in the person of Hugh Kingsmill, novelist, essayist and critic, whom Dickensians will remember as the author of *Sentimental Journey*. By his death the world of letters has suffered a grievous loss.

Hugh Kingsmill's full name was Hugh Kingsmill Lunn. He was the younger son of a distinguished father and the brother of that versatile genius, Arnold Lunn, whose great literary gifts he shared in a marked degree.

Hugh Kingsmill is the author of several novels, *The Fall*, *Blondel*, and *Progress of a Biographer*, remarkable for those powers of observation and introspection which are a feature of all his writings.

His more important critical biographies comprise: A life of *Samuel Johnson*, *Sentimental Journey*, and *The Pardoned Crown*, being a series of brilliant studies of Cromwell, Bonaparte, Lincoln and Hitler.

Kingsmill was one of the editors of the (*New*) *English Review*, and in the June 1949 number of that periodical those interested may read two informative and touching tributes to the rare qualities of the man and the talents of the writer.

To Dickensians Hugh Kingsmill will remain known as the author of *Sentimental Journey*, a biographical study of Charles Dickens, published in 1934, which was very favourably received by the critics generally but met with the strong condemnation of the late J. W. T. Ley, the long established reviewer of *The Dickensian*.

Mr. Ley, as we all know, was the staunchest and most uncompromising of hero worshippers. His mind and heart were so infatuated with the virtues of the great man he had placed on a pedestal that he could never bring himself to acknowledge any flaws discovered by others in the perfect nature of his idol.

Kingsmill, a ruthless self analyst, was likewise endowed with the gift of penetrating the inner nature of the great men who aroused his interest. The principal object of his *Sentimental Journey* was to show that in the writings of Dickens, in his novels, letters and lesser works, are to be discovered not only the lovable qualities of the man but also his faults and moral deficiencies.

Ley would doubtless have approved of such a biographical method had the result been a further tribute to the virtues of Charles Dickens, but since Kingsmill's conclusions generally ran in a contrary direction, they must, in Mr. Ley's opinion, be necessarily worthless, and the critic's verdict on *Sentimental Journey* was : " What rubbish it all is."

Our own sentiment, on reading the book, was that Hugh Kingsmill's lack of sympathy for Dickens's character, partly derived from recently published letters of the novelist and the still more recent discoveries relating to his matrimonial difficulties, had warped his judgment and had, in several cases, led him into the most far-fetched conclusions. On the other hand, so many passages in *Sentimental Journey* showed insight and true ingenuity in connecting the man and the novelist that we considered the work a distinct addition to the best Dickensian literature. The Editor of *The Dickensian* to whom I ventured to make known my views at the time, although no less whole-hearted than Mr. Ley in his love of Dickens, recognised, in his perfect fairness and honesty, that *Sentimental Journey* was *not* a book to be disposed of with a Podsnappian wave of the hand !

Conscientious admirers of a great writer's genius, should always endeavour to be honest and unprejudiced in their study of the author's life. What progress has been accomplished in this respect since the days when Forster's *Life* was the source of all Dickensian knowledge, and the study of Dickens's character as revealed in his letters could only be carried out in the somewhat disingenuously bowdlerised, publications of his " Sister-in-law and eldest daughter." Since then we have learned that though Forster's great work will ever remain the basis of all Dickensian biography, we can only accept it as the will of a loyal friend who deliberately deemed it his duty to ignore the shady parts of the story.

Nor was it in the power, much less in the work, of *The Dickensian's* first editor, Mr. B. W. Matz, to publish in a " Magazine for Dickens Lovers " any enquiries or discoveries derogatory to the high moral reputation of the author of *A Christmas Carol*. It is therefore entirely thanks to Mr. Matz's successors in the Editorial Chair, that we have been enabled to know the great man as he really was. No scholar could ever be reckoned superior to the late Walter Dexter in knowledge and admiration of Dickens and his works, and in Mr. Leslie Staples has been found a worthy successor. But while these eminent Dickensians have successfully defended their hero from the shafts of ignorant or dishonest malignity, they have never rejected unpalatable truths. In honestly endeavouring to establish " the whole truth and nothing but the truth " in all that concerns Charles Dickens, are we not rendering the greatest service in our power to his Immortal Memory ?

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

(Walter Dexter Memorial)

A JUBILEE APPEAL

AS reported on another page, our Hon. Treasurer launched a special appeal at the Broadstairs Conference for the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial).

On October 6th 1952, that is in three years' time, the Dickens Fellowship will attain its Jubilee. Throughout its history there has been no more outstanding event than the purchase, equipment and opening to the public the National Memorial to Charles Dickens, the Dickens House at 48 Doughty Street, London, the house in which he did much of the finest of his early work.

The Dickens Fellowship is proud to have maintained this shrine almost unaided, but it has been an anxious task. The house is about two-hundred years old and the cost of maintenance is ever increasing. The Endowment Fund was launched in 1944 in memory of the late Walter Dexter and in five years rather more than £4,000 has been raised.

In the financial conditions of the present day it is highly necessary that the Fund should amount to £10,000 before its assumes useful proportions. The cost of reopening after the war-time closure was £380 and constant repairs are necessary for the proper preservation of the fabric. The serious dry-rot in the basement, for instance, could not possibly be neglected and the remedy has cost £230. Such charges cannot possibly be met out of income, nor from the interest produced by the present total of the Endowment Fund. It has been therefore decided that the fittest manner of celebrating our Jubilee will be an attempt to complete the Endowment Fund, and every branch throughout the world is asked to bear its share in this task. If they, without exception, would for the next three years concentrate upon the organisation of a series of functions in aid of this our great object, we could fulfil it. Our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Mitchell, suggests that each Branch throughout the world should make itself responsible for a sum equivalent to 1½d. per week per head of its membership. This sum could be raised either by a series of functions as already mentioned, or by an organised system of collection during the year or by any other method that may occur as being appropriate. If every Branch will loyally respond to this appeal the success of the idea is assured. London has already decided to raise somehow £1,500 which is far above the Treasurer's suggested figure.

Will you not assist and help to organise the necessary functions and schemes within your branch ? What a triumph it would be if at the Jubilee it could be announced that the Trustees were free from all further anxiety and that there would be no further financial appeals to the Dickens Fellowship on behalf of the Dickens House.

This quarter's list of Contributions appears on page 207.

Notes on *Nicholas Nickleby* will be resumed in the next number.

BOOKS THAT DICKENS READ

By T. W. HILL

Continued from page 90.

VI.

Let me now say a few words about History. *The Child's History of England* was not just dashed off in a heat ; it was the result of much study, and like the story of the New Testament, was written specially for his own children in the expectation that they would, when grown up, pursue the subject in larger books. These books he had in goodly array in his library, where he could and did consult Froissart, Hume and Smollett, Knight, Kinglake, Macaulay, Carlyle, and many more. *The Child's History* has been abused as being biassed, but I may point out that a history without bias has yet to be written, and when it is written, it will be the most insipid and repellent book ever produced. Admirers of the character and statesmanship of King Henry the Eighth may not relish or even enjoy Dickens's summary of him as a monster and a blot of blood and grease on the history of England, but the facts of his reign are faithfully given in *The Child's History*, and, like all the other facts in that amusing book—and it is meant to be amusing as well as attractive as it was written for children—can in the main be relied on.

Dickens did not write of the Gordon Riots in *Barnaby Rudge* without the deepest investigation into the subject, and he had the necessary authorities, either in book form or in pamphlets, especially Vincent's narrative. He was well up in police history before he employed the Bow Street Runners in *Oliver Twist* and in *Great Expectations*, and must have known a lot even before he met Inspector Field or the Thames Police ; all the requisite documents were in his library, pamphlets on the employment of children, in mills, mines, etc., on ragged schools, water supply, sanitary reform and the regulation of drains, sewers, etc., urban burial, adulteration and purity of milk, pauperism, education, and so on, besides books dealing with such subjects. His close study of Carlyle's *French Revolution* in preparation for *A Tale of Two Cities* is familiar to all Dickensians ; he had it constantly with him.

Under this heading I think it is legitimate to allude to the amazing accumulation of mixed historical literature that was foisted on that infamous humbug and imposter, Silas Wegg, although he may command your sympathy. Gibbon was bad enough with its pitfalls of Roman names—its Bully Sawyers and Vittle-us and the rest—and this was followed by the Annual Register—at least sixty volumes at that time—Rollin's *Ancient History*, Josephus's *Wars of the Jews*, and Plutarch's *Lives*—do not forget that there was a cab-ful of them—without reckoning the several lives of the Misers. Now, all these books were to be found in Dickens's own library, and I have sometimes played with the idea that Dickens invited Mr. Boffin to Gad's Hill Place in order to plot with him the decline and fall of Silas Wegg. If not, how did Mr. Boffin, who could not read—he said " all print was shut " to him—manage to select this heavy literature, heavy in more senses than one ? I leave this mystery for you to solve.

Of Biography, which is a sub-section of History, Dickens had a good collection, and the number of persons alluded to in my Notes, over two hundred, shows that he knew something of their contents even if he had not read them all. The lives of the Misers I have already mentioned, and if you want to know more of them it is all in *Our Mutual Friend*, and the information is quite reliable as it is largely quotation. I must repeat a former remark ; Dickens's many allusions

to persons contemporary with himself would, of course, be familiar to his readers, although we of the present day may have lost touch with them or do not recognise them at all. I note only a very few more quite at random: Prince Leopold, Princess Charlotte; Belzoni, Ross, Franklin, explorers; M. T. Baines and J. Roebuck, M.P's; Dando, the oyster glutton; Bruce, Mungo Park and Catlin, travellers; Monboddo, philosopher; Jullien, the musician; Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, etc. Such names are scattered with a liberal hand all through his writings.

There is one aspect of Dickens's personal reading that calls for special mention. We know that he did read The Bible and that the incomparable language of the Authorised Version was used by him many, many times in his books. The New Testament was dearer to him than the Old, and he wrote a condensed form of it for his children when they were very young, and in my Notes I find that about two-thirds of the references are from the New Testament and that those from the Old Testament are mostly from the historical books, the Psalms of David and the Proverbs, and very few from the prophetic books. All this leads me to call attention to one special treasure at Gad's Hill Place: a magnificent copy of Benisch's Hebrew and English Bible—Old Testament, of course—in four volumes richly bound in morocco. Fortunately it comes just within the date limit I laid down for myself, and its acquisition was extremely interesting. Here is the story in as short a form as possible. It is all in *The Dickensian*, 1921. When Dickens went to Gad's Hill Place in 1860 he sold Tavistock House to a Jewish money-lender named J. P. Davis. In 1863 this gentleman's wife wrote to Dickens protesting at what she called "the great wrong" done to her race by the portrayal of Fagin in *Oliver Twist*. Dickens replied good-humouredly and disarmingly, and as we know, introduced into his next book, *Our Mutual Friend*, a better type of Jew, Riah, although perhaps not so live a personage. Mrs. Davis thereupon presented to him this Bible with an inscription: "In grateful and admiring recognition of his having exercised the noblest quality man can possess—that of atoning for an injury as soon as conscious of having inflicted it." Dickens's acknowledgment of the gift contains the sentence: "I would not willingly have given an offence or done an injustice for any worldly consideration." Yet Sotheran priced this exciting gift book at £3 10*s*. I wonder where it is now.

Dickens knew the Book of Common Prayer very thoroughly, as he quotes from it more than forty times. I conclude that he must have remained a loyal member of the Church of England all his life as in his last book, *Edwin Drood*, he makes such effective use of its beautiful liturgy. He was particularly conversant with the Church Catechism, and quite late in his career he wrote to Forster: "I have not forgotten my Catechism." And he could use it in his own special way when necessary; in *Our Mutual Friend* there is an "aside" to the Powers That Be; he apostrophises them about their duty to Betty Higden in these words: "Yea, verily, my Lords and Honourable Boards, adapting your Catechism to the occasion, and by God's help, so you must." I will remind you also of Pip's childish misunderstanding of the phrase "walk in the same all the days of my life," thinking it meant the route from Joe's forge and through the village.

VII.

Now for Dickens's voyages "in paper boats." You have heard how avid a reader of travel books he was, so you will expect that books of travel and adventure had a prominent place in his library. Tales of shipwrecks fascinated him, as we are sufficiently reminded by

ne storm in *David Copperfield*, the winter gale in *Edwin Drood*, the *Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, and the shipwreck in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. And do not forget that, to preserve the illusion when acting in "The Frozen Deep," he grew the beard that ever after adorned his face; remember as well, that he sent one of his sons to sea. As early as *Sketches by Boz* he makes reference to Sir John Ross's Arctic expeditions. He had Bruce's *Adventures in Africa* as well as Mungo Park's, and the references show that he knew them well; in "A Long Voyage" he recalls Bruce's "gory horrors" at dinner when steaks were cut from the living animal and served all quivering; in the same article is the adventure of Mungo Park, "sheltered and fed by a native woman" when he was almost dying. He loved adventure, even in fiction, and writes to Forster: "I have been reading (*Robinson Crusoe*) again just now in the course of my numerous refreshings at those English wells." It is also revealing to remember that when Tom Pinch was wandering about Salisbury market place he should browse among the bookshops (in spite of Lewes's jibe about the treasures of the bookstall); one of them a "trying shop where children's books were sold." Copies of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Philip Quarll* were there, together with the *Persian Tales of the Genii* and *The Arabian Nights* with Cassim Baba, and he "lived again with new delight the happy days before the Pecksniff era." Oh, yes, these were at Gad's Hill. Besides all these, he had the works of Waterton, Baker, Layard, Du Chaillu, Livingstone, and twenty volumes of *Voyages and Travels*, and many others.

What was it that attracted Dickens to America? I think it must have been Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. He must have read it before he wrote *Pickwick*, as he makes Tony Weller say: "Let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he only blows 'em up enough," and Mrs. Trollope's book had sold in hundreds, for it laid the foundations of her fortune as an author, and certainly she had blown 'em up enough.

As a footnote you will remember that his own *American Notes* aroused growls from the other side. Dickens's library, of course, contained many books on America, but several of them were presentation copies, and some were acquired after 1862, so I omit these for my present purpose.

In Science proper Dickens was apparently fairly well informed, but science was not his calling, and he only showed for it the same sort of intelligent interest that would be expected of a man of the world. His library shows that he had some liking for Natural History and some interest in the talk of his day about the growing opinions on evolution and such matters that preceded Darwin's epoch-making book. He mentions, in *Lying Awake*, the discussions about what he calls the duality of the brain; in the *Bloomsbury Christening* there is a reference to the First Cause; and in *The Detective Police* is an effective and natural reference to Leverrier and Adams, the discoverers of the planet Neptune, "from information received." You may remember that neither of them had actually seen the planet, but had made their calculations from certain details provided by astronomers and observers, "information received." He possessed the great works of Buffon, whom Sampson Brass called Buffoon, and Cuvier, as well as Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and he had certainly Monboddo's book or he could not have made reference to it in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Here is the full sentence: "It may be safely asserted, and yet without implying any direct participation in the Monboddo doctrine touching the probability of the human race having been monkeys, that men do play very strange and extraordinary tricks."

He also prized a beautiful two-volume edition, dated 1825, of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. In fact, this section of the library was a selection rather than a collection, and most of the books were on Natural History and its associated sciences, and most of the references in my Notes deal with this aspect of science.

One branch of science, that of medicine, was really studied by Dickens, as you all know, and his learning was not confined to mere medicines ; he understood in an almost uncanny way, symptoms, and also the foibles of the bedside manner of doctors. Do you not recall Mr. Losberne, Mr. Chillip, Sir Parker Peps, and many more ? They rank among Dickens's immortals. Members of the medical profession say that his descriptions of the illnesses of Smike, Mrs. Gargery, Mrs. Skewton, Mr. Dorrit and Betty Higden might almost be used as clinical text-books. His references to hysterics are full of convincing detail ; remember Mrs. Kitterbell, Rachel Wardle, Miss Knag and Mrs. Varden ; and the fact that Mr. John Dounce was not the only character in Dickens to take oysters as a cooling medicine deserves record. And just peep into Mrs. Crisparkle's herb-closet and inspect the array of " amazing infusions of gentian, peppermint, gilliflower, sage, parsley, thyme, rue, rosemary, and dandelion," each for some particular homely complaint, and all for the benefit of the Minor Canon's " courageous stomach." And now for the surprise ; there was no medical book at Gad's Hill Place, only a medical dictionary and one on surgery. Perhaps it was better so. But here is an afterthought : perhaps Charley had withdrawn them.

Art is often coupled with science, and the phrase science and art is familar to all. It seems odd, as science is so exact, and art is associated with imagination and mental ideas, but perhaps it is the link of mental processes that holds them together. Whatever the reason may be, as I have dealt with science, now I turn to art. We often laugh at and with Dickens's quaint description of painting and sculpture, especially his humorous derision of fashionable portraiture, such as the series of city worthies in the Town Hall of " Our Town " (Rochester) as composed of " hardbake and sticking plaster," and Miss La Creevy's revelation of the secrets of her miniature-painting, and on this account some critics have stigmatised him as being totally devoid of any artistic taste. How false that verdict is may be gathered from his library. He had a very fine copy of Flaxman's " Outlines " (" Compositions from Dante's Divina Commedia " is its correct title), a complete set of Hogarth's engravings, Canova's works, the Turner Gallery, etc., as well as Bewick's " Quadrupeds " ; anyway, sufficient evidence that he made a great effort to—ha, ha—educate himself. He also had copies of Canova's " Three Graces," to whom, when draped, the three Miss Willises were compared in *Sketches by Boz*, and the " Dying Gaul," sometimes called the " Dying Gladiator," a resemblance to whose pose is found in Mr. Pocket lying on the sofa. Read the *Pictures from Italy* and note the almost reverential tone of his remarks on the really great paintings in the galleries, always bearing in mind, of course, that his observations are quite individual to himself, and independent of the instructions of critics and guide books (including Eustace, of whose book there was a copy at Gad's Hill Place). Recall the scathing paragraph in *Little Dorrit* : " Everybody was walking about St. Peter's and the Vatican on somebody else's cork legs, and straining every visible object through somebody else's sieve. Nobody said what anything was, but everybody said what somebody else said it was. The whole body of travellers seemed to be a collection of human sacrifices, bound hand and foot . . . hosts of tongue-tied and blindfolded moderns carefully feeling their way in the endeavour to set their lips according to the received forms . . . nobody had an opinion."

Dickens did not like to be told what to admire and what to condemn ; he liked to depend on his own instinct and judgment. Here are two short extracts : " I cannot dismiss from my certain knowledge such commonplace facts as the ordinary proportions of men's arms, and legs, and heads . . . in spite of high critical advice that we should sometimes feign an admiration though we have it not " ; and again : " When I see a Jolly Young Waterman representing a Cherubim, or a Barclay and Perkins drayman depicted as an Evangelist, I see nothing to commend or admire in the performance." But, when he was moved, he could be reverential and appreciative, writing from his personal judgment : " The portrait of Beatrice di Cenci is a picture almost impossible to be forgotten. Through the transcendent sweetness and beauty of the face, there is something shining out that haunts me . . . a celestial hope and beautiful sorrow . . . she puts to flight the puny world that claim to be related to her." Would it not be interesting to have had his opinion of Da Vinci's " Mona Lisa " ?

May I spring a further little surprise on you ? Dickens loved singing and music in general ; he had a musical sister and many musical friends, including John Hullah, who gave him his *Musical History*. Yet there was no music in the Gad's Hill library. There may have been, and I daresay there was, in the drawing room the usual music cabinet, or cupboard, or some storing place of the kind, with the usual supply of unbound copies of songs and sheet music, probably in the usual condition of disrepair, but nothing preserved in the library. I can only guess that, although he made such extensive use of his knowledge of vocal music that I have about a hundred entries in my Notes. Dickens had no technical knowledge. His references to Beethoven and Handel in *Dombey and Son* are unfortunate, and his knowledge of church organs, as shown in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Edwin Drood*, was strictly limited. We know that he had an accordion, not, of course, the modern music-hall chromium-plated variety, because he took it with him to America, and we know that he chose the music for the orchestra of his company of Strolling Players in connection with the Guild of Literature and Art, but there is little evidence in his writings of any practical knowledge. His references show a humorous outlook, such as Dick Swiveller's performance of " Away with melancholy " on the flute, or Mrs. Mell's request to her son to " Have a blow at it, do," or the arrangement of the full score of " Masaniello " for the pianoforte, 'cello and flute, from which the pianist dropped out as she fainted from the heat, and left it to the 'cello and flute, who complained that the singers " put them out."

Is Superstition a department of Science ? I will risk it. Dickens as we all know, was much interested in it, and had a good collection of books on dreams, divinations, hypnotism, and kindred phenomena. There are constant passing references to such things in his works, but they are too obscure for full quotation. I only offer the visions of Affery Flintwinch and the pleasant recollections in *Lying Awake*, with perhaps the ravings and wanderings of Fagin in the condemned hold, and the occasional descriptions of dreams in letters to Forster ; and so I pass on to foreign languages.

VIII.

Of these only French was represented at all well at Gad's Hill Place. Dickens did not use other languages than his own in his writing. I know of only one Italian phrase in all his work ; it occurs in *Little Dorrit*, and is used by Gowan in his studio at Venice, when he calls Blandois " Cattivo soggetto mio " ; in colloquial English, " You naughty creature." Yet he spoke Italian quite well and fluently.

Forster says " he had an aptitude for it, and after one month's application could ask for whatever he wanted in any shop or coffee-house, and could read it pretty well." There were not any books in Italian in his library if I except, and it is a big exception, the great *Parnasso Italiano*, a huge compilation in fifty-six volumes of the classical Italian poets. It had belonged to Leigh Hunt and had many marginal notes in Leigh Hunt's handwriting.

He had a good working knowledge of French. Forster says : " He never spoke that language very well, his accent being somehow defective; but he practised himself into writing it with remarkable ease and fluency." I do not know *when* Dickens learnt French, but it must have been some time before 1844, when *Martin Chuzzlewit* was being completed and previous to his first visit to the Continent. When he arrived at Boulogne in July, 1844, on his way to Italy, he—but let Forster the invaluable tell the story ; the adventure is not uncommon : " His first experience in a foreign language he made immediately on landing, when he had gone to the bank for money, and after delivering with most laborious distinctness a rather long address in French to the clerk behind the counter, was disconcerted by that functionary's cool enquiry, ' How would you like to take it, sir ? ' "

Among the French books at Gad's Hill Place were About, Balzac, de Kock, Molière, Montaigne, and others, including the unfortunate Madame Roland's *Mémoires*. This last, as you probably remember, was his solace at Dover *Out of the Season* in 1856. I have noted elsewhere Dickens's curious manner of giving Blandois, who must by internal evidence have had a command of perfect English, bits of literal translation of his national phrases, such as " Death of my soul," " Holy Blue," " In effect," " My Cabbage," and so on, to indicate his foreign origin. It seems possible that Dickens contracted the habit from the old stage convention that all foreigners speak a kind of broken English.

I now come to a subject much too large for adequate treatment in such a miscellaneous paper as this : Crime, Punishment, and Social Conditions. Dickens's knowledge and insight in this was profound and was due not only to his personal investigations and experiences but to the fact that he possessed numerous books and pamphlets on social conditions, labour in factories, Poor Law administration, ragged schools, education, and all sorts of associated subjects. His interest never waned and you will not want me to point out the number of times he wrote about these things in his books and journalistic works. There is no book in which something does not crop up to show his knowledge and his sympathies, and as he could from his library verify his work, his pictures can be taken as authoritative ; and writers on social questions know it, as he is frequently quoted. *Oliver Twist* is true ; *Bleak House* is true ; the pictures of debtors' prisons in *Pickwick*, *Little Dorrit* and *Nicholas Nickleby* are true. Whatever may have been Dickens's exaggerations with regard to his characters, there was no exaggeration when dealing with fact ; he reserved his grotesqueries for his people, not for their surroundings. Take *Great Expectations* ; you feel that Miss Havisham is a grotesque, and you feel that the so-called education of Estella is grotesque, but you also feel and know that the account of the Gargery home is a true and living picture as is also the house of the *parvenu* Pockets ; and you can apply this test to any of the major novels, as well as the shorter Christmas stories.

And now I come to my final heading, which I do not propose to over-burden with a lot of quotations ; there is no need. I want to deal shortly with those indispensable tools of the literary craftsman—his books of reference. There were at Gad's Hill the English dictionaries of Johnson, Walker and Worcester ; French, German and Italian

dictionaries, Chambers's *Book of Days*, Smith's great classical dictionaries, dictionaries of quotations, *Biographia Britannica*, *Biographie Universelle*, Haydn's dictionary of dates, several encyclopaedias in more than one language, including the *Britannica* and the *Americana*, and more still—too many to mention here. There may not have been a great number of *entries* in the catalogue, but the number of separate *volumes* runs into several hundreds; and how well-selected and inclusive of all that an author could want to consult. It is an imposing collection, and any one of us would love to possess such a mine of intellectual wealth. Why did Charley let them all go?

And what splendid use Dickens made of his library. How skilfully he worked his reading into his masterpieces. No one reading his books casually would notice that so much was due to anything in the nature of what I have called "swotting." Proverbs, what Shakespeare calls "wise saws," quotations, personal references, historical allusions, scraps of old or current songs, bygone customs, legal lore, all applied in such an easy way that the whole result makes the entrancing reading we love.

I have not by any means exhausted my subject, but I will stop here, hoping you have shared some of my pleasure in my ten years' task. Nearly seven thousand references. The search for evidence of what books Dickens read, and what use he made of his reading, has been an occupation exciting, fascinating, tantalising, often maddening, but entirely entrancing and enjoyable. You will quite understand my acquiescence in John Dickens's dictum that his son "may be said to have—ha, ha—educated himself."

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Thirty Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Ninepence.—Eastbourne Branch (Bring and Buy Sale £10 18*s.* 9*d.* and Mrs. Goode £20).
Twenty-six Pounds Five Shillings.—Southend Branch.
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Nineteen Shillings and Tenpence.—Anon.
Ten Shillings.—Wolverhampton Branch. Ealing Arts Club, per Mr. T. S. Lascelles. Miss D. L. Minards (Typescript).
Seven Shillings.—Miss Hope Wickes.
Five Shillings.—Miss B. E. Negus.
Four Shillings and Threepence.—Mrs. Newbery.
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One Dollar.—Anon.
Total to date, £4,278 14*s.* 0*d.*

ARCADIAN LONDON

By GWEN MAJOR

"THE Arcadian simplicity of the metropolis altogether and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me," wrote the Uncommercial Traveller when he elected to spend six weeks "in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London." Arcadian London as he called it.

Unfrequented in the Autumn in his day, though not so now; but busy or quiet, ever old and for ever new; new with every changing season, on a dull or a bright day, in this mood or in that. The Uncommercial captured for us an intangible charm, something new about the old, a peacefulness and yet withal a cheerful gaiety; in a word, his word, a "simplicity" altogether delightful and once felt, unforgettable. And that in the very heart of Mayfair, now almost always restlessly busy, then, in that "Autumnal Golden Age" indulging in "complete solitude."

The change, however, is in the people, in different times, and not particularly in the streets and houses. Many of the very same are still here, the streets—Burlington, Savile, Bond Streets, the Arcade, the very Albany; the tall, often narrow houses, Georgian to their door knockers, the very same names upon some of the shops. Fashion or habit still dictates that every Londoner, high or lowly born, shall if fortune be kind absent himself on holiday for some period more or less between the dog days and November's dreariness, but he now runs before an influx of visitors from other lands, leaving little indeed of "seclusion," "serene tranquility," or time for "uninterrupted meditation" once so pleasantly experienced by the Uncommercial.

Nevertheless, an "autumnal glory" will spread even yet over old, old London. It will not be denied. It brings out hidden corners, lights up old red brick or Portland stone; it glints on very old panes and discovers toppling chimney pots. It lightens the heart and charms the sadness of the passing year with hope that the coming winter may not be too long. And when a quiet hour creeps upon the scene, something in a name, a street, a mellowing house-front, will recall Arcadia as the Uncommercial saw it once and left in print for ever.

Dickens in reality was far from settled at the time when he was writing much of the *Uncommercial Traveller*, a time between leaving Tavistock House and finally settling down at Gad's Hill, lodging here and there, often sleeping at his offices in Wellington Street, while Gad's Hill was being altered and prepared. *Arcadian London*, for instance, was written in 1860, the first selection of the *Travels* appearing in book form in the December of that year.

His "retreat" was in Bond Street, he said, and I do not for a moment therefore think it unlikely that he actually did lodge "at a hatter's" prior to writing the paper in question, and if not, that his own unhatters," and who shall doubt that possibility? Beresford Chancellor thinks this might have been Hood's at No. 2 or Griffith's at No. 40 "Bond Street." Here we are at once in some quandary for "Bond Street" is divided into "Old" and "New," the first commencing at the Piccadilly end and going up to No. 25, then continuing as "New Bond Street," with fresh numbers, right up to Oxford Street. In this latter portion therefore No. 40, rebuilt, is to be found, but so far away from the streets about which the Uncommercial meanders that I think it can be ruled out and Mr. Hood's at No. 2, considered. If this were No. 2 *Old* Bond Street, the shop, reconstructed, can be found on the right as one leaves Piccadilly; if No. 2 *New* Bond Street, it would also have been on the right, just after one passes Burlington Gardens,

and on the whole I incline to this spot. Unfortunately, however, the shop and several by it, have been entirely rebuilt.

Another touch which seems to verify the reality of this experience is the desk in his hatter's shop where " up certain steps behind his counter, enclosed like the clerk's desk at Church," he shut himself away after breakfast to meditate.

" The first solemn feeling of isolation overcome," he began to look about him. He noted that the hatter had " put upon the heads of his family as much of this stock " (of hats) " as they could carry," and " taken them off to the Isle of Thanet," and the Uncommercial goes on to speak of the " young man " left to mind the shop who is a " Volunteer." This young man, I understand, may have been in the 11th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps, whose H.Q. were in Hanover Square, formerly known as the St. George's Hanover Square Military Association, disbanded at the end of the Napoleonic Wars and re-established in 1859 (note the date) to meet the threat of French invasion. The 11th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps wore a dark green uniform and a shako with cocksfeather plumes, so that the Uncommercial's observation that " as a hatter " the " young man " is in a " cocksfeather corps," and is " constantly furbishing up his regulation plume," dons knickerbokers when he closes the shop on Saturdays and on occasion loads " an imaginery rifle," fits this theory and is among those unconscious touches which give the impression of real experience rather than an imagined episode.

Albany, North Entrance
by Harry Furniss
by courtesy of John Lane

" My landlord having taken his whole establishment to be salted down, I am waited on by . . . . Mrs. Klem " and " the meagre and

mouldy old man . . . . her husband " who " come out of some hole when London empties itself, and go in again when it fills," and there follows a most amusing description of their ways. Their migratory habits, secretiveness, flueyness, the very flatness of their beer, adds its note of emptiness, absence and a deadly, unearthly quiet to the neighbourhood. The " awful perspectives of Wimpole-street, Harley-street and similar frowning regions " may still be seen—straight, wide, spacious streets which have their greatest charm—to us—when hushed in silence. The " miles of deserted houses," the " waste of shutters," the caretakers who " may be dimly observed, when the heavy shadows fall, flitting to and fro, putting up the door-chain, taking in the pint of beer, lowering like phantoms at dark parlour windows, or secretly consorting underground with the dust-bin and the water cistern," all greatly enhanced the ghostliness of the Uncommercial's " Arcadian season."

While it is hard to imagine the Uncommercial in slippers in the early morning " promenading the pavement " of Bond Street, the appearance of the " sumptuous butler," " also in his slippers . . . . . smoking an early cigar,"—an indulgence obviously indicating the absence of his master—makes the little scene real because one feels it simply could not have been imagined. " He felt that we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere." " Wisely and well " they pass " without recognition," but later the Uncommercial sees this butler " sitting on a rail in the pleasant open landscape of Regent Street," one of those thumb-nail sketches of the London of his day. Swallow Street, of which now only a short bit runs north from Piccadilly (the thoroughfare, not the Circus), Swallow Street ran dead north to Oxford Street, (then known as Oxford Road). It will be remembered that Lord George Gordon coming from the Maypole via the Strand, went by Swallow Street to the Oxford Road and so on to his house in Welbeck Street. *Barnaby Rudge*, written in 1841, is a tale of the time of the Gordon Riots of 1780. Between 1813-20 Regent Street was made and named after the Prince. Going from Piccadilly Circus due west and taking a sharp northerly curve, the new street merged into and swamped the upper portion of Swallow Street, It was forty years later that Dickens was writing his Arcadian soliloquies, but still that street must have retained " pleasant, open " spaces about it.

The description of Burlington Arcade at this season is delightful. These shops " are in strange hands at this time of the year—hands of unaccustomed persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the prices of the goods, and contemplate them with unsophisticated delight and wonder." He speaks of the children whose " youthful prattle blends . . . . with the harmonious shade of the scene and the general effect is as of the voices of birds in a grove." And he tells of the lordly Beadle grown human, and still to be seen. Well, the Burlington Gardens end of the Arcade is chopped right off, by the Blitz ! Contrasting horror ! But the echoes of that have died, giving place to those earlier ones ; the little shops which remain are bravely gay and moments may still be caught of an Arcadian heyday.

" Mr. Truefitts, the excellent hairdresser's," is still at No. 23, Old Bond Street, though his shop is rebuilt, and next him " Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumier's round the corner," grandly rebuilt but still " Atkinson's, and both " round the corner " to the left as one goes from Burlington Gardens into Old Bond Street on the left and New Bond Street on the right. " Hunt & Roskell's " (now with Bennett's name *above* that of the former firm) are right opposite the turning into Burlington Gardens, at No. 25, Old Bond Street, and to this very day a " soldierly pensioner " keeps guard. He has let them rebuild the shop and add a storey on top, but those between look to me untouched as to their

exteriors and he seemed to nod to me about it ! All these three shops might have been seen at once from the hatter's at No. 2, *New* Bond Street, or even possibly with neck craning to the right, from No. 2, *Old* Bond Street.

" The light-weight of shrewd appearance, with one eye always shut up . . . . who usually stands at the gateway of the livery-stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat " *may* have stood outside livery stables in or off Bond Street. There were plenty around. But in parenthesis I would note that very well-known livery stables existed but a few minutes' walk from the Uncommercial's temporary domicile in Bond Street, across Piccadilly and on the east side of Duke Street, having two covered entrances therefrom. It was known in those days as St. Alban's Mews and I have a theory that Mr. Twemlow, that " innocent piece of dinner furniture," lived above them, for he certainly resided in Duke Street, St. James's " over a livery stable." To this very day these two covered entrances may be seen, at Nos. 12 and 17, entrances to Mason's Lane, cars having replaced the horses.

Finally the Uncommercial says he has " all this time been coming to the point, that the happy nature of my retirement is most sweetly expressed in its being the abode of Love." Again one can follow him, along Savile Row (now much given to tailors but retaining many of its Georgian houses, in Dicken's time largely inhabited by doctors and dentists) and from the " Doctor's " house follow his servant, that " respectable man " in the " ' prosaic season ' . . . . conscious of money in the savings bank." The Uncommercial sees him " in a pepper and salt jacket . . . . with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's daughter " (bootmakers abound here still) ; he sees him " at the pump by the Albany, unsolicitedly pumping for two fair young creatures." Athough the Pump is no more, the Albany broods with an air far back in the 17th century, presenting the most delightful picture, both at this Burlington Gardens—and at the Piccadilly end, it is possible to gaze upon. Long may it rest there ! Though little mentioned, one feels it to be the very essence and background of the picture which Dickens gives us of his " Arcadian London."

Meanwhile, he has seen the Doctor's servant " seated on a fire-engine, and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire." And, oh ! abandonment of love ! He saw him " one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of our Arcadian west were at their height, polk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the doorsteps of his own residence, across Saville-row, round by Clifford-street and Old Burlington-street, back to Burlington-gardens "—all still there, much unaltered.

" The Dentist's servant," who " knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture communicating with the Thames, or could be cleared away for a dance . . . . adores a young lady in a voluminous crinoline " (again a touch of " other days ") and, " My Landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of Old Bond-street, and is beloved several doors up New Bond-street besides." Here is an instance, I feel, when one sees the Uncommercial looking " out of window " from No. 2 *New* Bond Street, since he glances first at Old then New Bond Street noting, " It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and exchange tender sentiments ; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at house doors, or roam, linked in that flowery manner, through the unpeopled streets."

He dwells on the " chaste simplicity " of Arcadia : " It's few scattered people dine early, live moderately, sup socially, and sleep soundly . . . A happy Golden Age . . . Charming picture, but it will fade . . . the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crush the silence out of Bond-street—will grind Arcadia away."

Whimsical, kindly, tolerant, altogether charming ! Somehow one visualises the absentee " upper ten," not so much the rich snobs rather general in his day and in that place but the genuine grandees of an earlier ; while the humble folk living round him seem as far removed from modern commercialism as we from Mars.

One needs to read the whole of the Paper, of course, to gather the atmosphere he is breathing, but with it fixed in mind, so much remains in these streets that helps to recall it. Even Bond Street, much of it hideously rebulit, and partly bombed, yet retains an uneven curving ribbon of buildings which merging into distance, and in the dusk, have anything but a modernist appearance. In others of the streets named—and many more in the vicinity—the very same houses stand unchanged. In Georgian days the neighbourhood grew and Georgian it will long remain.

In *Rob Roy* one reads that " the past will always win a glory from its being far." I would add, " and the present always recaptures it for those with eyes to see."

A NEW DICKENS ON THE STAGE

Another play about Charles Dickens has been produced in North America. *The Ivy Green* by Mervyn Nelson had its world premiere at the Grand Theatre, in London, Ontario, on March 4th, 1949, and the following week was seen at the Royal Alexandra in Toronto. Leaving Canada, the play was given at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on April 4th, where it had but short shrift, running for one week.

There are eight scenes in the three acts and each one takes place in the drawing room of Tavistock House, in spite of the fact that the period of the first is 1836 and of the last 1870 !

The acts are labelled " Mary," " Georgina " and " Ellen " and each is devoted to the part supposedly played by these ladies in the life of the novelist. Much is presumed by the author in his occasionally interesting, more often tedious, play.

Episode follows episode, none of them being related, other than to stress the endurance of Catherine Dickens. Sympathy is enlisted for her and the part is acted with colourless determination by Judith Evelyn, a Canadian actress. Charles, himself, is made into a grotesque, an arrogant weakling, a man lacking in moral fibre but possessing the mental urge to write. He is massive in his conceit and wallows in self-deification. Oh, Mr. Nelson what invention ! Desecration is not drama. Daniel O'Herlihy is seen as Dickens, looking neither like him nor redeeming the script from its gross exaggerations.

Of the ladies heading the acts, there is a languishing Mary, played by Joy Reese, an arch Georgina by Carmen Mathews and a stupid Ellen by June Dayton. There is a scene where the senile Charles turns his wife out of the house to bring in the last mentioned to replace her. Again, Oh, Mr. Nelson !

John Forster is represented by Hurd Hatfield as more of a prig than he, or any man, could possibly have been, and John Dickens, with all the mercurial qualities of Micawber, by Ernest Cossart, who gave the best of the individual perfarmonces.

The play is only acceptable to rabid detractors of Charles Dickens—and apparently they are not numerous enough to support such a play for very long.

Malcolm Morley

The death of Dame Una Pope-Hennessy is announced as we go to press. She died in London on August 17th at the age of 73.

RAILWAY SIGNAL PUZZLE IN *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

By T. S. LASCELLES

WAS Dickens under the delusion that on the railway the red light meant "safety" or "go on," and the green light "danger" or "stop"? This question has been asked many times in the query columns of papers and magazines and has been raised more than once in *The Dickensian*. It cannot be answered in a few words, unless it be assumed that the novelist was mistaken or, without noticing it, reversed what he actually intended to write. The question arises out of two passages in *Our Mutual Friend*. They occur at the end of Chapter IX, Book III, which treats of the funeral of old Betty Higden and the interview which Bella Wilfer has with Lizzie Hexam in the latter's lodgings, close to or at Henley-on-Thames.

"The railway at this point, knowingly shutting a green eye and opening a red one, they had to run for it," and further on: "Something to this purpose surely mingled with the blast of the train as it cleared the stations, all knowingly shutting up their green eyes and opening their red ones when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass." It must be admitted at once that anyone reading these words to-day and having only the existing methods of signalling in mind easily obtains the impression that Dickens misinterpreted the significance of the colours red and green. He was, however, an extremely observant individual and can hardly have failed to notice that red flags and hand lamps were used to denote danger and that no guard or station official waved a red flag or lamp to start a train. Whence, then, comes the apparent contradiction? The answer is that Dickens had seen and correctly observed the old time-interval system of train working, long since obsolete, and that we cannot understand what he wrote in the novel without some acquaintance with the rise and development of railway signalling.

When the first railways were opened in England there were no electric telegraphs in use and once a train had left a station and passed out of sight the staff could have no knowledge of its whereabouts, unless they heard of it from the crew of a train coming from the opposite direction. The electric telegraph was tried between Euston and Camden Town, on the London and Birmingham line, in 1837, and applied to a short length of the Great Western Railway two years later. To obtain some measure of security, therefore, what was called the "time interval system" was introduced. This consisted in exhibiting a "danger" signal at a station immediately a train ran in and maintaining it for a prescribed time interval—say 10 minutes—after it had departed, at the expiration of which the "all right" signal was again shown. (On some lines a "caution" signal was shown first, for a certain interval, and then the "all right" signal.) The colours of the lights used at night, or of the hand flags, were red, green and white, and their meanings were easily remembered from the lines:

"White is right,
Red is wrong,
Green means gently go along."

As a white light was not a good signal light, since other white lights nearby could be mistaken for a signal, especially if its own light had gone out, some lines early adopted red and green only, and the South Eastern Railway, with which Dickens was especially familiar, appears to have been one of them.

The theory behind the time interval system was that the signal at a station would protect the train against another one following it too

closely until it had got past and been protected by the next signalling point or, should it have been unable to do so for any reason, would allow those in charge of it sufficient time in which to protect it themselves, by hand flags or lamps and fog signals, or detonators, as they are called. It was therefore a perfectly safe system of working if the rules were always faithfully obeyed. With this arrangement the "all right" (green or white) signal was showing all the time, except for the short prescribed period covering each departing train, during which red was exhibited. A passenger coming on the platform and seeing green (or white) could not take that to mean that any train was necessarily approaching. All it could definitely mean was that the previous one had gone past by at least so many minutes. Bella and John,

Old Semaphore at Tan-y-Bwlch, Festiniog Railway.

however, were nearing the station. We read that it was "near at hand," and therefore they must have returned from Henley—or possibly Shiplake—station, on the Twyford and Henley branch of the Great Western Railway, which had been opened in 1857. This would bring them to the Paddington terminus, conveniently near Mr. Boffin's house. We are told when they saw the green light change to red, this made them run. It would do, as it was an indication that their train was already in or running in. It may be asked why the signal was put to red as the train ran in and not kept at green until it had started. The answer is that it did not constitute a starting signal for the train, in the sense in which that term is understood to-day. By putting it to red as the train was coming in the signal was made to afford a certain measure of protection to it while it waited there, should another train come along. In this way also the train crew obtained some assurance that it had been duly operated in readiness to protect them after they had left. It sufficed the trainmen to have seen the signal at all right as they approached the station, to know that the preceding train had gone, at least so many minutes previously. The authority to start was given by hand signals, shown by the station master, not by the fixed signal, as it was termed.

How were these time interval signals shown by day ? At first in a variety of ways, according to the fancy of the different engineers, which it would take much space to describe. In 1841, however, C. H. Gregory, Engineer of the Croydon Railway, erected at New Cross, London, the first " semaphore " signal copied from the apparatus used in the Navy for sending messages, itself derived from the visual telegraph invented by the Frenchman Chappe in French revolutionary times. (The word " semaphore " by derivation from the Greek, means bearing or furnished with a sign). This type of signal gradually superseded all others in Great Britain, except for secondary purposes, although one or two lines, such as the Great Western, retained their own types of signal for some years.

Under the time interval system the usual practice was to have a tall signal post, somewhere near the middle of the station, with a semaphore arm for each direction of traffic, these arms being normally in the " all right " position. On lines using red and green only this position would be inclined at 45 degrees but if " danger," " caution " and " all right " signals were in use " all right " was shown by lowering the arm right down to the post. Such a semaphore signal is seen in the accompanying photograph taken in the late 70's or early 80's at Tan-y-Bwylch station on the narrow-gauge (2ft.) Festiniog Railway in North Wales, once a very prosperous line, of which the writer's great-uncle, Charles Easton Spooner, was the engineer. The arms are raised to " danger " because there is a train in the station in each direction but are drooping somewhat, due to the worn condition of the pins and connections. This was before the time when the arms were properly counter-balanced in themselves, so that they could not fall if any part of the apparatus broke. The colour of the signal lights is changed by moving glasses inside the lamp case, on the principle of the dark lantern or guard's tri-colour hand lamp. This later gave place to the external " spectacles " seen everywhere to-day. It will be noticed that the trains are running right-handed, that is in the reverse manner to that customary in Great Britain. For what reason Spooner adopted this practice is not known. The middle line is a siding, i.e. not the main track.

In the course of time, as electric telegraphy spread, the " time interval " gave place to the " space interval " and what was called the " block telegraph system " or more simply the " block system " came into use. It was made obligatory on all passenger-carrying lines in Great Britain in 1889, although by then it was very generally in operation. Briefly, this meant that instead of the " all right " signal being shown again after a certain interval this was not done until a message had been received to the effect that the train had passed the next station or signalling point. This message could be sent by telegraph or, more simply, by an electric bell signal. The whole of the South Eastern Railway was being worked by such bell signals a year or two after Dickens went finally to live at Gad's Hill. It became the practice eventually to use special electric signalling instruments, known as " block " instruments, in conjunction with these bell signals, while a further and very important change took place in the working of the semaphores. Instead of lowering them again directly the line was once more clear, it became the practice to maintain them at " danger " until another train was known to be approaching, and this is what the passenger sees to-day. If he comes on the platform and sees the green light he says to himself " my train is signalled," and he knows that a train is definitely expected, whereas in Dickens's day the green light would have conveyed no such assurance. In addition, the signal he sees now is at the far or forward end of the station —not in the middle of it—and constitutes the authority for a train to leave it. In other

words it is a starting signal, whereas in Dickens's time there was none. Hence to-day the traveller sees a " red eye " normally, and if he sees it shut itself and a green one open he says to himself that his train will shortly be coming along and he hurries to the station. When Bella and John saw the green eye shut and the red one open they began to run, as they knew the train was running in, whereas the traveller to-day would correctly understand it to mean that the train had just that moment left, and he could cool his heels until the next one was announced. Dickens's words " when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass " are to this extent misleading in that the change from green to red was not an actual signal for her to pass, as we now regard things, but a preparation to protect her for a certain time after she had done so. It would have been more true to fact to say simply " as the train passed," but of course it would not have been so romantic.

These remarks apply to the more usual manually operated signalling, met with throughout the greater part of the railways of Great Britain, but even in this case the traveller can find at some places, say at night or on Sundays, signals showing green continuously. This is when a signal box is closed altogether, during slack traffic periods, and it and its signals are, for practical purposes, then non-existent. On the London Underground electric lines and on some parts of the main lines, however, we can see a practical reversion to the principle obtaining in Dickens's time. Where automatic signals are in use the " normal " indication is once again " all-right " and not " danger." Thus a passenger coming on the platform at, say, the Warren Street tube-station and seeing the green light showing cannot conclude that a train is necessarily approaching. All the signal says is that the line ahead is clear for a certain distance. As a train leaves he will see the red light automatically produced and after a short interval the green again appears. This happens when the tail of the train reaches what is called the " overlap " point beyond the next signal ahead and that signal is correctly showing red in turn. These distances are very short on the London Underground, to cope with the intense peak-hours traffic. On the other hand, at junction stations such as Baker Street, Camden Town, South Kensington, etc., there is a signalman continuously on duty and most of the signals remain normally at red, until he decides to change them ready for a train. Such signals are known as " semi-automatic " or " controlled " signals. It would take too long however, to deal with all the changes that have taken place in railway signalling since Boz saw in his imagination the green eyes shutting and the red ones opening as the " boofer lady " sped homewards. John was we are told, sitting opposite to her and was not of course interested in red or green eyes, whether opening or shutting. He was absorbed in the contemplation of blue ones and looking anxiously for that welcome " all right " signal that came from them at last.

There is another reference in the novel to a journey by train, when the Reverend Frank Milvey and party travel down to the wedding of Lizzie and the stricken Eugene. There is no mention of signals in connection with it. The details, such as the start, where the train " rattled among the housetops," indicate a run from Waterloo to Reading which route was available through on June 9th, 1856. We read that the train twice crossed the river, which it does on this journey, but there is no tunnel met with, although Dickens speaks of the travellers passing " under the fruitful earth." The carriage ride described as " near the solemn river " would be from Reading to Henley-on-Thames. Starting from Waterloo would be the most convenient arrangement for the Milveys and for Bella, by that time married and living in the South-east part of the London area.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

COACHES AND CABS

"The rough, often drunken and brutal, drivers of stage coaches of early times gave place to a type immortalized by Dickens in the person of Old Weller . . .

"Many other great names were particularly associated with curricle driving in days not too distant. Thrupp mentions that 'Charles Dickens drove one as soon as his writings procured him the means.'

"In contemporary fiction as in history the race of tigers have their places, with among their representatives Tiger Tim of the *Ingoldsby Legends* and Dickens's precocious Mr. Bailey, who, you will remember, arrived at the full dignity of tigerdom to the metamorphosed Montague Tigg, leaving behind him the squalor of Todgers's. 'I've got the right sort of governor now,' said Mr. Bailey. 'You can't see his face for whiskers and can't see his whiskers for the dye upon 'em.'

"The very spirit of coaching and road travel with horses lives in some descriptive pieces that were among the finest achievements of Dickens or de Quincey.

"'In an open barouche . . .' The owner of that barouche, the stout old gentleman, was, of course, Mr. Wardle, and the occasion that of the memorable military manoeuvres at which Mr. Pickwick made his acquaintance.

"About the year 1790, when so much was afoot in carriage history, a certain number of coaches were built on purpose for hackney work in London. These were designed with small compact bodies for use in narrow streets, and represented a solitary attempt to produce a hackney coach as a distinct type of vehicle. The movement went no further because it was too easy and too cheap a proposition for the hackney coach proprietor to buy, discarded town coaches that answered his purpose well enough, and the hackney coach of Dickens's earlier writings was as invariably the cast-off of a private stable as the hackney coach had been before 1790.

"The hackney coach of a few years later became the subject of the young Charles Dickens's description, taking its place with other essential parts of London life in the *Sketches by Boz*.

"'Cabs, with trunks and band-boxes between the driver's legs and outside the apron, rattle briskly up and down the streets on their way to the coach-offices or steam-packet wharfs,' wrote Dickens in *Sketches by Boz*, alluding to hackney cabriolets in the early eighteen-thirties. A few years later he mentioned in *Pickwick Papers* that three people—Mrs. Cluppins and the two Raddles—'squeezed into a hackney cabriolet, the driver sitting in his own particular little dickey at the side.' The second chapter of the same book contains the famous altercation between Mr. Pickwick and the driver of a hackney cabriolet . . . Seymour, the gifted illustrator of London life who provided the plates accompanying the early chapters of *Pickwick*, introduced the hackney cabriolet in the background of his drawing of that occasion, showing clearly the arrangement of driving seat, hood and apron.

"The rarity of authentic illustrations of early London cabs gives importance to any such drawings, however small, by artists as reliable as Seymour. His contemporary, George Cruikshank, who drew the illustrations for *Sketches by Boz*. included therein one of a variation of the hackney cabriolet that appeared on the streets about 1830. This type was distinguished by a body having a fixed panelled top, or permanent roof, instead of a folding hood, while otherwise conforming to the build of the original hackney cabriolet."—"The English Carriage," by H. McCausland. (Batchworth Press.)

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DICKENS AND LAMB

"It was at this time that the talent of young Charles Dickens was finding its way and shaping itself. There is a fundamental kinship between the genius of Charles Lamb and that of Charles Dickens. Though Lamb disdained fiction and refused all his life to read it, his "Essays" were a kind of fiction; while Dickens, who embraced the art of fiction most exclusively,

produced works that were more like Lamb's " Essays " than the earlier English novels which he professed to follow. In style, humour, and humanity Lamb and Dickens were very closely allied.

" It may be only because the same trials and hardships as children gave them both the same vivid sympathy, the same combination of humour and pathos which they used towards the poor and outcast. The ' Praise of Chimney Sweepers ' and some passages in *Oliver Twist* might have been written by the same man. But it seems unlikely that this close similarity between their conditions could be the only cause. Something more tangible and real than similar childhood memories presumably connected them.

" Yet there is no indication in Dickens's memoirs that he ever saw or met Charles Lamb. He was a ten-year-old boy in a shoe-blacking warehouse when Lamb abandoned Russell Street for the country. Henceforth Lamb saw little of the literary world in London. Dickens's youth and Lamb's premature retirement separated them physically. As a rising author, however, Dickens was early brought in contact with many of Lamb's old associates. Among Dickens's close friends were Procter, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt, Mathews, and Rogers, all of whom had known and reverenced Charles Lamb. John Forster, who was mentioned at the time of Lamb's death as a suitable biographer, was the same Forster who afterwards wrote the life of Charles Dickens. Forster and Talfourd, Lamb's friends at the end, stood as literary godfathers to *Pickwick Papers*.

" Knowing all the legends of Lamb so well, Dickens could not but have known Lamb himself as intimately as one could by hearsay. His early career was nursed by friends loyal to the essayist. Little as Elia would have dreamed of it, or cared for it, he left his mark on a coming novelist. But what Dickens actually knew of Lamb never escaped the unopened Pandora's box of his habitual and lifelong reserve."—" The Lambs," by Katharine Anthony. (Hammond.)

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STRINDBERG AND DICKENS

" Dr. Lamm's library offered him Goethe, Wieland, Lessing, Dickens, Chateaubriand and the romantic novels that were flowing from the pen of Georges Sand.

" He had been reading Dickens and admired the Englishman's compassion for the simple and the poor, his dislike of officialdom and his call for reform—but to break through Swedish complacency Strindberg believed he must be more ruthless.

" The heat continued, and much as Strindberg loved the sun, the London sultriness brought a nostalgia for the Baltic breezes. Nor could he abide the English fare Bobbie Jeffreys provided, and although the sights and smells of Pimlico recalled Charles Dickens, the great city alarmed him too.

" In this condition he finished the cynical drama ' Queen Christina ' and set to work on ' Black Banners,' a savage assault on his fellow writers, thinly disguised as fiction. As the beginning of the novel he acclaimed Balzac, Dickens and Zola as the giants of literature, and from each he took some quality, but the venom was his own

" *Strindberg answers* :

" What are your favourite books ?

" The Bible. Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*. Swedenborg's *Arcana Celestia*. Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. Dickens' *Little Dorrit*. Andersen's *Fairy Tails*. Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Harmonies*.

" What English author do you place highest ?

" Dickens.

—" The Strange Life of August Strindberg," by E. Sprigge. (Hamilton.)

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MARTIN TUPPER

" An increasing number of letters now began to reach Tupper from American literary men, offering congratulations, advice and sympathy over the absence of an international copyright. Among the writers, apart from Willis, were E. A. Duyckinck, editor and biographer, and Cornelius Mathews, novelist and playwright—who sent Tupper some of his books and whom Tupper called

'The imitative Charles Dickens of the U.S.'. Mathews, like Washington Irving, had long been outspoken on the iniquities resulting from book piracy, and had made a very frank speech on the subject at a dinner to Dickens in New York in 1842. But, although the better element in America's literary life had no doubts on the rights and wrongs of the question, it was not until 1892, three years after Tupper's death, that anything was done about it.

"Nor was it surprising that Tupper, with his mental telescope, saw America so plainly from the Vale of Albury, for hardly another English writer of his time—with the exception of Charles Dickens, and he blotted his copybook—had such contacts and influence in the United States.

"Americans were drawn to Tupper instinctively . . . . The amiable Tupper made a more successful ambassador even than Charles Dickens. Americans found in him an Englishman they could understand.

"For Thackeray, though a fellow Carthusian, Tupper never had the same sympathy that he had for Dickens."—"Martin Tupper, his Rise and Fall," by Derek Hudson. (Constable.)

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CHARLES KINGSLEY

"Most authors learn to take the rough with the smooth when manhandled by reviewers, and, if they are not, like Keats, cut off by untimely death, devise their own methods of armouring themselves against the pricks and proddings of unfavourable publicity. Charles Dickens, who was every bit as thin-skinned as Charles Kingsley, ignored his critics and affected to regard them as lice on the body of literature, but Kingsley mortified himself by reading what his reviewers had to say and allowed himself to be unutterably cast down by the cruelty of their attacks.

"Reading the Dickens serials and noting the penetrative influence they exerted on people of every age and class had convinced Kingsley that a novel of popular appeal was the only effective form of propaganda. Moreover, like Charles Dickens, he was under the necessity of making money.

"One of the scenes described in the book [*Yeast*] had also been described by Dickens, an apparently common and consistently shocking scene that most of the inhabitants of London preferred to ignore. It is laid in the street outside a workhouse door, and men and women are seeking admission to an already crowded 'House.' The rain is pouring down and they have no other hope of shelter. When Dickens saw a similar scene, he emptied his purse among the outcasts and they melted away.

"The Great Exhibition of 1851, which opened just at the time *Yeast* appeared, appealed in rather a strange way to Kingsley. Dickens disliked what he called the 'duffery of it all' very much and went to the seaside to be out of the eternal chatter it provoked . . . . .

"To Henry Kingsley it was a matter of grave concern that the ex-Governor [Eyre of Jamaica] should be attacked in this way. After discussing with his brother and the Macmillans the possibilities of coming to his assistance they agreed to try and form an Eyre defence association. A fund for this purpose was started by Sir Roderick Murchison and supported by Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, and Charles Dickens. These men (with the exception of the last named) formed themselves into a committee"—"Canon Charles Kingsley," by Una Pope-Hennessy. (Chatto & Windus.)

* * * * *

AUSTRALIA

"For five years a son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, sat in the Legislative Assembly. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens was the member for Wilcannia from 1889 to 1894. His speeches will not live for posterity, but once he drew the applause of the Chamber. W. N. Willis, the member for Bourke, was making himself a nuisance and constantly interrupting.

"'Mr. Speaker,' said the member for Wilcannia, when he received the call, 'my late honoured father once wrote 'Barkis is willing'.' If he had been here tonight, he would have said 'Willis is barkin'.'

"He sat down amid a roar of laughter.

"Towards the end of the year (1899) another competent actor, who acquired considerable popularity at the turn of the century, Thomas Kingston,

came to Sydney. He opened at the Theatre Royal in " The Only Way," an adaptation of Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*."—" Lost Years, a backward glance at Australian life and manners," by E. H. Collin. (Angus & Robertson.)

* * * * *

DOSTOYEVSKY

" Every novel is a historical novel, except historical novels. Let me explain this apparent paradox by taking one of Dickens's novels, which gives a more accurate reflection and illustration of English life in Dickens's time than many documents in contemporary police records. From such novels we know what it was like to live in the author's day. Now let us take one of Scott's novels set in the Middle Ages. Can we regard it as a document on which to base an enquiry into medieval customs ? Obviously not. Novels described as ' historical ' are no more than an attempt to recreate a distant life, an attempt which is always disastrously loaded with anachronisms.

" Thus the work of Thomas à Kempis, and Catholic art, formed the first sources of this novel [*The Idiot*] of Dostoyevsky's. Other sources were to be Cervantes's *Quixote* and Dickens. In a letter written while he was working on *The Idiot*, Dostoyevsky wrote in reference to this work : ' The best-drawn figure in Christian literature is Don Quixote. He is a character of great beauty, but this is only because he is at the same time comical. Dickens's Pickwick (a figure incomparable poorer than Don Quixote, but still immense) is also comical, and herein lies his power. Sympathy is aroused for something of great beauty, which is derided and which does not know its own worth. In this awakening of sympathy lies the secret of humour '."—" Dostoyevsky," by S. Mackiewicz. (Orbis.)

* * * * *

CHARLEY ? DICKENS

" Authors, a shy company, generally avoid assigning their own given names to any of their characters. Mr. Hemingway, if we have read him to good purpose, has never created an Ernest, or Miss Welty a Eudora, or Miss Christie an Agatha. We applied the test to Dickens, with the aid of Thomas Alexander Fyfe's " Who's Who in Dickens," a roster of some 4,500 characters. Only sixteen of these are Charleses or Charleys, from Charley Bates, a pupil of Fagin's in *Oliver Twist*, to Winking Charley, a vagrant in *Reprinted Pieces*. Only nine of the sixteen are in the major novels, and none is a major character, with the exception of Charles Darnay, alias Charles St. Evremonde, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and he is not so much a major character in his own right as in his essentiality to the plot. Four of the sixteen have no last names. Seven of the sixteen (including Charlotte Neckett in *Bleak House*) are Charleys. Several are mere incidental units in large families. One (in addition to Darnay-St. Evremonde, who did not, of course, assume the Charles) is an assumed name. Given 4,500 characters some of them obviously had to be named Charles, or Charley. We can't imagine anyone's ever having called Dickens Charley. Is there any evidence that anyone ever did "?—" Saturday Review of Literature," April 16th, 1949.

* * * * *

AMERICA AGAIN

" Writing in 1833 Alexis de Tocqueville said : ' One cannot imagine any hatred more venomous than that between the Americans and the English.' Four English authors, who went to the United States at this period, Frances Trollope, Basil Hall, Harriet Martineau and Charles Dickens, all reflected in different ways in their works the attitude of moral and social superiority typical of the English of their time as well as the defiant contempt of the Americans . . . Dickens also was outspoken about slavery in his *American Notes* which he wrote describing his visit to America in 1842. Like Mrs. Trollope too he could not resist remarking on what he considered the lack of culture and manners among Americans or on the pride that they took in ' outsmarting ' each other. Neither the *Notes* nor the American episodes in *Martin Chuzzlewit* endeared this successful Victorian novelist to Americans any more than we enjoyed some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's strictures about England.

" The truth is that in these formative years in American history, above all, during the democratic age of Andrew Jackson the average English visitor, let alone a pampered public pet like Dickens, could not be expected to know that they were witnessing ' a world in the making '."—" Mr. President, an Introduction to American History," by Maurice Ashley. (London, Cape.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

THE FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Sir,

It appears to be generally believed that the facts concerning Dickens's early life, which he had set down in his fragment of autobiography, were not known to a single individual, other than Forster, until after the novelist's death. In his article, "David's Confidences" (Summer No., 1949), Mr. T. W. Hill endorses this belief, when he states, "Consequently Dickens's wife and children never learned anything of his tribulations till the *Life* was published after his death." The following statement made by Charles Dickens, the younger, in a preface to *David Copperfield*, published by Macmillan in 1892 and in subsequent editions, is of some importance. Commenting on the personal interest associated with the adventures of young David, he says, "For this story I must refer my readers to the first and second chapters of the first book of Mr. Forster's *Life*, in which it appears, for the most part in autobiographical form, at considerable length. For myself, I have only one remark to make as to this matter. In one passage my father says: 'I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God': but I have my mother's authority for saying—she told me at the time of the publication of Mr. Forster's first volume, and asked me to make it public if, after her death, an opportunity should arise—that the story was eventually read to her, in strict confidence, by my father, who at the same time intimated his intention of publishing it by and by as a portion of his autobiography. From this purpose she endeavoured to dissuade him: on the ground that he had spoken with undue harshness of his father, and, especially, of his mother: and with so much success that he eventually decided that he would be satisfied with working it into *David Copperfield*, and would give up the idea of publishing it as it stood. How, after this, the story came to be given to the public I do not know, but I have always thought it a pity that Mr. Forster did not exercise some of that discretion which is always supposed to be left to biographers but which, unfortunately, they do not always think fit to employ, by omitting the half-dozen or so lines which cannot but have come as a shock to most people, and the deletion of which would not have affected the interest or value of the story in the slightest degree. That Mr. Forster did not know what had passed between my father and mother as to this matter I think most probable. That he did not take any steps to find out I know to be a fact."

LEO MASON.

DICKENSIANA

"Dickens and the Bluenosed Legislator." (*Sunday Under Three Heads*). Edgar Johnson. *The American Scholar*. Autumn, 1948.

"The Genesis of *Edwin Drood*." Richard M. Baker, *19th Century Fiction*. (*The Trollopian*), March and June.

"Dickens at the Free Library." Margaret MacColl, *Philadelphia*, April.

"Charles Dickens." with cld. plate "Dickens's Dream," by R. W. Buss, *Nat. Geographical Mag. of America*, April.

"Master Copperfield's Centenary." Leslie C. Staples, *Everybody's Weekly*, May 7th.

"*David Copperfield* and Dialect." [Kenneth J. Fielding], *Times Literary Supplement, April 30th.*

"Most Popular Masterpiece of Fiction." Hesketh Pearson, *The Listener*, June 16th.

BOOKS FOR SALE

in aid of the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial)

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Dickens and the Stage. Pemberton...	5	0	*Life and Characters of Dickens.* Dent	5	0
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Letters to Baroness Burdett-Coutts ...	6	6	*Dickens.* A. W. Ward	3	6
Dickens and other Literary Characters. McNulty	3	6	*Origin of Pickwick.* Dexter & Ley	7	6
Real Dickensland. Snowden Ward...	15	0	*Dickensiana.* Kitton	7	6
Dickens and his Illustrators. Kitton	21	0	*Carol. Facsimile of MS.*	8	6
Dickens by Pen and Pencil (Leather)	42	0	*Sale Catalogue of Dickens's Pictures...*	5	0
Comedy of Dickens. Perugini ...	5	0	*Sunday Under Three Heads.* 1884...	5	0
Cyclopaedia of Best Thoughts of Dickens	15	0	*Life of Dickens.* Ox. India paper, cd., Forster	6	6
Dickens Memento	5	0	*Rambles Round (Dickens) Churches.* Smetham, 4 vols.	25	0
Nonesuch Dickensiana	5	0	*Dickens Souvenir* 1912...	6	6
Memoirs of Grimaldi	5	0	*My Father, Mamie Dickens*	5	0
Chas. Dickens. Geo. Gissing ...	5	0			

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch reports, of not more than 200 words, are invited for this page.

N.W. REGIONAL GROUP CONFERENCE

A VERY satisfactory N.W. Regional Group Conference was held in Manchester on Saturday, 30th April, 1949. Mr. T. H. Moffett (Chairman) welcomed delegates from Manchester, Liverpool, Blackpool, Blackburn, Preston and Lytham St. Anne's Branches and commented on the excellent manner in which the group had functioned during the past year. Mr. Leo Mason, Hon. Secretary, presented a review of reconstructed records of the group, the original ones having been destroyed during the war, also some suggested alterations to the rules, which were approved. In future each branch will invite Conference and nominate the Chairman in turn. Representatives of all Branches reported satisfactory progress and increases in membership During an informal discussion on Dickensian topics great satisfaction was expressed at the high standard maintained by the Editor in *The Dickensian*. The following Officers were elected for Session 1949-50 : Mr. T. H. Moffett (Manchester), Group Chairman ; Mr. W. S. Piper (Blackpool), Vice-Chairman ; Mr. Leo Mason (Blackburn), Hon. Secretary ; Mr. G. H. Mackrell (Manchester), Hon. Treasurer ; Miss I. V. Howes (Liverpool) Chairman elect. After an enjoyable high tea, Miss M. Pool, Hon. Secretary, Manchester Branch was cordially thanked for the excellent facilities provided and Mr. Stanley Sutton (President, Manchester) responded.

L. M.

BIRMINGHAM

THE Birmingham Branch has just ended an enjoyable and successful Session which commenced with an inspiring address by Mr. J. H. Toon, the President. The Rev. Geo. Parkinson and Mr. Percy Merriman each gave us an evening which we shall not easily forget. One of our members gave us *The Christmas Carol*, with lantern slides for the December Meeting and at the November Meeting our members themselves contributed to the programme with readings and papers. All meetings have been well attended, numbers ranging from 60 to 100. An additional interest was the performance by some of our members of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which was produced by Miss G. Morris. She was loyally supported by a willing band of helpers and the home-made refreshments added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The social events during the Sessions were also much appreciated ; in December some 60 people enjoyed a tea and social evening with games, competitions, etc. ; January found a goodly number attending a Christmas production at the Repertory Theatre, while the Birthday Dinner in February was a dignified and enjoyable event for about 60 of the members and their guests. During last summer we arranged an outing to Ludlow, and this coming summer we are going to Tong and Shrewsbury.

F. D.

BLACKBURN

A PROGRAMME of lectures, recitals and dramatised readings, interspersed with social events, was well supported by members of Blackburn Branch during Session 1948-49. In accordance with the policy of the branch a number of newer members were invited to contribute short papers, with gratifying results. *Our Mutual Friend* was introduced by the President, Mrs. N. W. E. Hamm, at the opening meeting and was further discussed during the session. Interchange of visits and speakers with other branches added variety to the bill of fare and the formation of Social and Dramatic Committees provided extra scope for members' activities. The Birthday was celebrated by a very enjoyable dinner and social. The session was brought to a close with a visit of members from Manchester Branch and representatives from Liverpool, Blackpool and Lytham St. Anne's Branches, when Mr. T. H. Moffett presented a diverting performance of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, performed by some of the Manchester members. Membership of the branch continues to increase and the congratulations of members were accorded Mr. N. W. E. Hamm, Hon. Treasurer of the branch, on his appointment as Borough Treasurer of Blackburn. Altogether a year of progress.

L. M.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY

Two dramatic productions and five readings have been much appreciated by the members this season and large attendances have been the rule. We have received great help from Mr. Edward Purchase, who has acted as Hon. Dramatic Secretary, and has prepared many of the dramatisations. His resignation from this post, owing to pressure of business, has been very regretfully accepted by the Committee, and the duties of Honorary Dramatic Secretary have been taken over by Mrs. Metcalfe. On Saturday, 2nd July, 1949, all our members are invited to a Garden Party given by our President, the Rev. Canon Yates. A large gathering is expected and the proceedings will conclude with a short Service in Canon Yates' Church, St. Mary's, Leigh Woods.

R. M.

NOTTINGHAM

The readings during the year 1948-49 have been well attended with an average of 60 out of a possible 120 members and the two Socials during the season have been most enjoyable. The Birthday Party reached the heights of bygone days, with the toast to the Immortal Memory given by our beloved President, J. Cooper Sands, who also read out greetings received from branches in Britain and Overseas. To create the interest of young people in the works of Charles Dickens it was decided at the Annual Meeting on Saturday, 21st May, to form a Junior Section with a reduction in the subscriptions and the tea (which is usually provided at all the readings). Our next meeting will be the Autumn Excursion on 17th September to the Dukeries, visiting Roche Abbey and Blyth Church with tea at "Ye Old Bell," Bamby Moor.

B. B.

TORONTO

Toronto Branch has endowed the following six cots: two in the Home for Incurable Children; two in the Sick Children's Hospital; one in the Queen Elizabeth Sanitorium; one in the Toronto East General Hospital. Each Christmas the Home for Incurable Children is handed a generous contribution towards their seasonal dinner as well as Christmas stockings for the children, containing fruit, books and games. Regular visits are made on Sunday and weekdays. Entertaining in the Sick Children's Hospital is more difficult as practically all patients are bed-ridden, but regular visits are made. Queen Elizabeth Sanitarium is regularly visited and gifts of fruit, clothing, books, etc., are distributed. During the Christmas Season, through the kindness of a friend of The Fellowship, two full-length movie reels were shown to 100 boys and girls. Our Annual Christmas Party was given to over thirty children at Dixon Hall. During the year the sum of $1,447.00 has been raised and help given to the following: *Toronto Daily Star, Evening Telegram*, Home for Incurable Children, Neighbourhood Workers, Canadian Save the Children Fund, Tiny Tims (Dickens Fellowship, London), Mildmay Camp, Unitarian Service Committee, Weston Sanitarium, Great Ormond Street Hospital and incidental presents to the children in our cots. As is our yearly custom, a Banquet was held in honour of the Birthday of Charles Dickens. About 200 guests were present and a very interesting address was presented by the Reverend Canon H. J. Cody, M.A., D.D., LL.D—subject: "Gadshill—A Link Between Dickens and Shakespeare."

P. G.

OVERSEAS VISITORS

The following overseas visitors to London have been most welcome: Mr. and Mrs. C. Nightingale (Melbourne), Miss Florence E. Tweedie (Sydney), Rev. Canon Merrick (Winnipeg), Mrs. Harry Lee Bagley (Boston), Mr. F. H. Nicholson (Winnipeg), Mr. and Mrs. Guy P. Bible (Philadelphia), Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. W. H. Doherty and the Rev. Prof. B. W. Horan, M.A., B.D. (Toronto), Mrs. F. M. Long (Madison), Mr. W. S. Whitaker (Montreal), Mr. A. G. Andrews (Edmonton, Alberta).

The following Hon. Secretaries are congratulated upon their election: Miss J. Edwards (Liverpool), Miss Dorothy Green (Bath) and Mrs. D. White (Victoria). The thanks of the entire Fellowship are offered to their predecessors, Mr. Bernard Bloom, Mr. W. J. Hone and Mrs. Harry Wood respectively.

OBITUARY

Mrs. A. W. Edwards

We regret to announce the recent death of Mrs. Edwards at the ripe age of nearly eighty-four. She and our old friend Mr. A. W. Edwards celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding last year. Increasing age and uncertain health had latterly denied Mrs. Edwards the opportunities of giving to the Dickens Fellowship all the assistance she would have liked, but she will be remembered by older members as an enthusiastic supporter of all our activities particularly in connection with our charitable work, and for several years she organised with great success the Christmas Celebrations at the Charles Dickens School at Lant Street. We offer to Mr. Edwards this expression of our deep sympathy with him in a bereavement that we all share.

G. H. Stuart-Bunning

The death of George Harold Stuart-Bunning on June 19th came as a shock to his numerous friends at Headquarters, although he had attained the age of 79. His regular attendance at our meetings added to the interest of our discussions, as his contributions were marked by happy phraseology and raciness and his long and accurate memory of Dickensian times and Victorian social conditions were used to our profit. Stuart-Bunning's very manner inspired friendship, and though the most self-effacing of men he was always surrounded by a host of friends eager to benefit by his reminiscences and his fund of anecdote. A wide experience of public meetings made him an ideal chairman. He goes to his rest greatly mourned and much loved.

With deep regret we also record the death of :

Viscount Leverhulme, London.
Miss Boothroyd, Blackburn.
David Evans, Manchester.
Miss A. Halton, Blackburn.
Sir John Hammerton, London.
Roland Huth, London.
Mrs. Jackson, Preston.
W. Jepson, London.
Miss Doris Mann, London.
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Miss Peggy Webling, London.

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1949

OCTOBER 19th-22nd inclusive

Organised by the Broadstairs Branch of the Dickens Fellowship

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Production by James Leach

DICKENSIAN BALL CONDUCTED TOURS

Other Attractions

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Further particulars of the Festival may be obtained from Miss D. L. Tattam, Hon. Sec., Broadstairs Branch Dickens Fellowship, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

The *Daily Mail* Book of the Month for August
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